

Eyewitnesses A-E
Folder 1

Drawer 14

Assassination Accounts

Accounts of the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Stories of eyewitnesses, first-hand
or passed down

Surnames beginning with

A-E

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

(Note—This series comprises eight accounts of the great tragedy as written by eye-witnesses who were still living when the following interesting articles were assembled by David Homer Bates, of New York City, in April 1914. Mr. Bates is known in literature as author of the book "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office.")

The first time I saw Abraham Lincoln was on April 27, 1861, two weeks after the fall of Sumter, having been called to Washington with three other telegraph operators by a message from Andrew Carnegie, Assistant general manager of Military railroads and telegraphs. The last time I saw the martyr president was on the day of his death, four years later.

Between these two dates, while serving as an operator, cipher operator and manager of the War Department telegraph office, I saw Lincoln nearly every day, sometimes several times a day, and on rare occasions all night long, while battles were impending and the President and members of his cabinet waited in the cipher room for news from the front.

During the Civil war, the Executive mansion (or White House as it is called) was not, as now, connected by telegraph, and all the President's telegrams were handled at the War Department.

Indeed, the President spent more of his waking hours in the War Department office than in any other location except the White House.

Of Lincoln's family only one survives, and of the leading generals there remains only one—my old business and personal friend, General Granville M. Dodge.

Of the War Department staff on duty the night of the assassination, there are eight survivors, whose several accounts of the tragic incidents of that fateful time are here recorded.

Fifty years have gone by, but I still remember, with more or less distinctness, that long night of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, that blackest night in our country's history, when the terrible feeling, fired by four years of war, culminated in a stroke of madness aimed at the life of one who had only "charity for all, with malice toward none."

Although on duty in the cipher room that evening, I have no particular remembrance of anything that occurred prior to the moment when someone rushed into the office with blanched face saying, "There is a rumor below that President Lincoln has been shot in the Ford's Theater."

Before we could fully take in the awful import other rumors reached us—the savage attack upon Mr. Seward, secretary of state and the frustrated efforts to reach and kill vice-president Johnson, Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and other members of the government. As the successive accounts crystallized a fearful dread filled our hearts lest it should be found that the entire cabinet had been murdered.

After an hour of this awful suspense we received word from Major Eckert, who had gone quickly to the Stanton home in K street, and from there to Seward's house in Fifteenth Street and then to the Peterson house, in Tenth street, opposite the theater, to which the President had

been carried after having been shot by the assassin. This message merely assured us of the present safety of Stanton, while confirming our worst fears concerning the President.

Two of my comrades were in the audience at the theater, Thomas A. Laird, now of Buffalo, and George C. Maynard, now curator of the National museum at Washington. Laird ran first to the house of Major Eckert, in Thirteenth street, near F, to give him the news, while Maynard came direct to the War Department, followed a little later by Laird. Both men remained on duty with me all night with Albert Chandler and several others, including John H. Dwight and Frank Stewart, both deceased. George A. Low came in about dawn.

A relay of mounted messengers, in charge of John C. Hatter, Secretary Stanton's telegraph messenger (deceased 1913), was immediately established by Major Eckert, and all night long they carried bulletins in Stanton's handwriting addressed to General Dix, New York City, which were at once given to the Associated Press and flashed over the wires throughout the country. As these bulletins were spelled out in the Morse characters, our hearts were stunned and yet they seemed to be on fire. The awfulness of the tragedy hushed us to silence. As the hours slowly passed hope revived fitfully as some sentence in the dispatches offered faint encouragement that perhaps the precious life might be spared to complete its chosen work, but at last, at twenty-two minutes past seven A. M. April 15, the dreaded end came, the tension gave way and we knew that our beloved President had gone from us forever.

Youth is ever hopeful and while mourning the now certain loss of the President and our personal friend as indeed he was, and with the wickedness of treason brought vividly to our senses and with its culminating crime rankling in our breasts, we still were able to console each other by the suggestion that Andrew Johnson, our new leader (if indeed he were not also slain), would not allow mistaken mercy to stay the hand of punishment. We reasoned also that our stricken President during his lifetime had been so patient and lenient with his enemies that if he had been spared perhaps he would have adopted a policy of condonation that would deprive us of the real fruits of war and lead to the return to political power of those who had helped to cause it.

Although I was in Lincoln's company almost every day for four years, even until the night of his assassination, and often heard him discuss the vital questions of the civil war, and on many occasions took from his hands telegrams in his unique handwriting with never a blot or erasure, yet I was too young to form then a matured, intelligent opinion of his many sided character. The crystallized opinion of the generation since Lincoln's death is that his official papers, as well as his letters and speeches, are models of clear, undefiled English.

But beyond all beauty of form, cogent words, and irresistible logic, inherent in the body of all his utterances, whether oral or written, there was something more—there was the spirit of the simple, great man, the throb of a human heart that lovingly sought to protect them from in-

justice and wrong. He never allowed force of logic or beauty of diction in choice arrangement of words to obscure his one great purpose—to lead men always to hate tyranny and love freedom.

The following extract from my war diary under date of April 15, 1865, the day of Lincoln's death, is the best expression in a few words of my opinion of that character in its dominating features:

"First pure, then peacable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

David Homer Bates

Bates, David H.

A.D. Baughman
diary

EDMUND P. YERKES

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

ack
1/6/59

January 5, 1959

Dr. R. Gerald McMurty, Director,
Lincoln National Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Dear Dr. McMurty;

I stopped to see you a year ago last summer with my son. You were so very kind and considerate that I felt if I ever had the opportunity that I would like to reciprocate. This may not be it in your eyes but at least I am trying. Here goes:

A friend of mine here in Northville had a great uncle in the Civil War. He came from Ohio but after the War settled in Charlotte, Michigan, and became a very wealthy merchant. During the War he was stationed in Washington and kept a diary of events that he saw. After his death the diary was in the possession of the mother of my friend. Then in the possession of her daughter. It was apparently packed away and not read. A few days ago my friend acquired the diary for a time until it is passed on to a younger member of the family. He read the diary and came upon this man's eyewitness account of his visit to the Ford Theater and the shooting of Lincoln. We had it photographed along with the following pages that describe a visit to a warship, also the inside covers and the exterior of the diary. I am sending along a set of the photographs in hope that you might like them.

Yours very truly,

Edmund P. Yerkes

WESTCOTT

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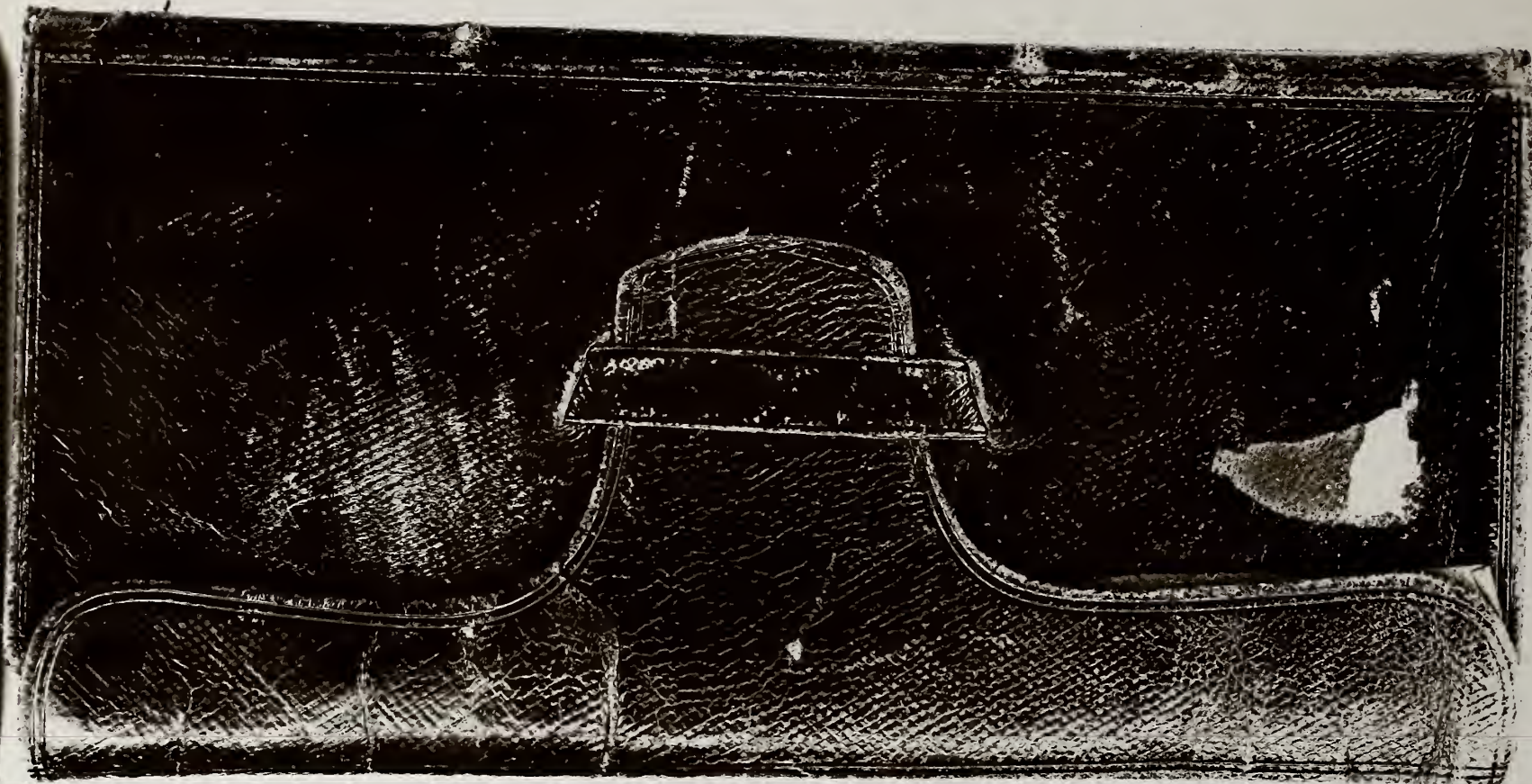
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[17]

Law Johnson, Myron Stebbins and myself went through Capital, - also went up Penn Avenue up to 17th Street to see Deck Austin. Before we went up Ford Kill and and saw Billy Gay Kendall. He was glad to see us as we were to see him. We then went up to see Deck, I enquired for Myron Stebbins, very soon found it. on the way we saw the White House and other Public Buildings. I was glad to see Deck he treated us first rate. We went back with us to see the other Boys. He then asked Capt Kill and to let me stay with him over night. Capt told him that I could stay a week if I wanted too.

Capt told me to write myself a Pass. I did so and had it approved by Pro. Mar, then went up with Deck, took supper at his Boarding house Mr Deunison. After supper walked up street, stopped at National House awhile while there. who should make his appearance but B. F. Day Lieut coming Sun Boat Sanga, we had quite a talk together. He told me to come down to his Boat. I told him I would be there in the morning at nine O'clock. Deck and I had game Billiards, after which we went to Ford's Theatre. We were enjoying ourselves

a no. 1. The Play was "The American Caisin" They had just commenced the 3^d scene about 10 o'clock when the Report of a Pistol shot attracted my attention, I immediately looked in the direction from which it came, which was the Box of President Lincoln and family, I would notice that before at about 8 o'clock, I saw the President for first time, He came up the stairway accompanied by Mrs Lincoln, Miss and Maj Rathbone, they passed within in three feet of me, I had a fair view of the party, Well just as I looked toward the Presidents Box a man leaped from the Box to the stage below where part of the actors were enacting the play, among

the number Laura Keane, as he jumped he exclaimed sic. semper. Tyrannus, which I heard quite distinctly, When I first heard the shot I thought it was part of the play, but when I heard the Latin phrase, I turned to Dexter Austin and said, That was a Rebel and I immediately perceived that he had shot at President Lincoln, although I knew not whether he had hit him, The people were so dumfounded they could not collect their ideas for about one minute which gave the assassin time to escape. In jumping he did not fall very straight, rather on his hands and feet, He had a revolver in one hand and a Dredges Knife in the other, He made

his way through the actors
on the stage and escaped
through a back Entrance,
amid shouts of the audience
to kill him, hang him,
tear him to pieces &c &c
Women crying, and the
greatest excitement I
believe I ever witnessed.
Afterwards I learned he
had a horse at the door
where he escaped on which
he rode away. They then
commenced crowding
up to see the President
to find out the extent
of his injury. Some climbed
up from the pit. a guard
was immediately placed
beside the President.
The order was then
given to clear the theatre
and the President was
carried out, I placed
myself at the Banister
of the stairway where I
had a close view of
the President. I could

not see the wound but
he looked to all appearance
dead, I so I reported to
those less fortunate than
myself who were back
where they could not
see him. Billy Gray,
Kendall was also
there. Dexter and I
went down on the
street where crowds
soon gathered to
find out what was
the matter. They took
the President over to
a house opposite the
theatre where he
died next morning
about ~~the past~~ six 17-22
about 1/2 an hour after
Lincoln was shot a
man came down
where I was reporting
that secretary Seward
was killed being
cut from ear to ear
by an unknown at the
same time that the

tragedy was enacted at
the Theatre, But ~~the~~
events proved he was not
killed but badly hurt,
as was also his two sons
Fred & Clarence, and
two male nurses who
were attending the secret
and who were in the
way of the assassin
to kill the Secretary. He
also escaped, I walked
the streets until $\frac{1}{2}$ past
12, The President was not
dead but died the next
morning before 7 O'clock.
The assassin came up
behind him, and shot
him in the head the
Ball entering about 3
inches, the Brain oozing
out. Dexter & I retired $\frac{1}{2}$
past 12, at his Boarding
house No. 8. 2nd Avenue,
Mr. Demmon proprietor,
of the ~~Hotel~~ ~~Hotel~~ ~~Hotel~~
He arose

a little before Eight O'clock
took Breakfast & so
yesterday Deck and
I called up to Grant's
Room up Deck left
a Book with Genl
Grant for his autograph.
But the General had
gone to New Jersey,
I saw quite a number
of Rebel Officers on their
way to the Capital Pier,
among them was Genl
Ewell, Custiss Lee, But
they rode in an omnibus
and I could not get
a view of them.

Saturday April 18
Left Deck about 1/2
past Eight and
took street car for
Navy yard. first
went to gunboat Enahope
enquired for the bangs
they sent me to the
next boat below them.
I went on to her Enquired
for Lieut W. A. Dae,

a messenger was sent
below to him. He sent
word up to have me
sent down. I went below,
into his Cabin. It was so
dark I could not see
anything. He told me
to take a seat. I ~~could~~
see the seat, but could
not feel for it. But presently
a waiter brought a candle
and then we had a long
talk together. He told me
about his part in the Fort
Fisher fight. Gave me a
photograph of himself and
showed me although his
boat. He also showed me
a number of photos of scenes
down on the guns in
which the Gunboat ~~was~~
was situated. He is
going to turn over his old
guns and load on new
ones. One of his ^{guns} is bursted.
They are the Largest Guns
I ever saw. 15 inch Bore
weighs 43000 lbs. The

length of his Boat is 228 ft
width at centre 48. He
says in an emergency
they use her as a ram.
He also took me aboard
the 'Montauk'. She has
been struck many times.
~~Montauk~~ is coming up to
Fort Mifflin to see us next
week. I started for Fort
Mifflin before 12. O'clock
in the Navy Yard saw
a large number of captured
Guns. Some 100 pounds Capt
from the Boat Atlanta,
also two Long Johns as
I call them. These were
captured off Tripoli in 1804
crossed Bridge and went
out to Fort Mifflin about
four miles from the city
reached there about 1. O'clock.
Informed the Boys about
last night affair, we have
good Quarters at the Fort.
I think I can pass off
4 1/2 months if I can only
go down to Washington D.C.

once in awhile. Made out
Receipt Roll for arms and
accoutrements, retired 11
O'clock.

Sunday Apr 16/65
arose late. Beautiful
morning. The company
have to go on Pickers.
Assured Springfield muskets
to the Company. Kept me
Buss changing. Wrote
long letter home to Father
told him all about the
tragedy at Woods Theatre.

Monday Apr 17/65
arose very early in account
of the cold. I could not
keep warm in bed.
Wrote to Gusta. B & Add. B.
long letter to both. Fred
& I took a walk out
to Pickers.

Tuesday Apr 18/65
Copied orders &c &c,
Rec'd letter from Soph
also Enclosed her Photo
one of Sam Johns and
the other of Georgie & Soph

Read Book called
Marian Grey
together.

Wednesday Apr 19/65
Wrote to Soph and Enclosed
Her Photo of Sam Johns
and also one of W. J. Mordin
Orderly Sergeant of the
company. Note to

today is the ~~Friday~~ ~~Thursday~~

Thursday Apr 20/65
copied the names of the
def Squads in the Battery.

Friday Apr 21/65
Dull Day

Saturday ^{Apr 22}
wrote to Miss Galt Sam
informing her that I
knew who she was,
Rickels & I went out
to Fort Mahan to get
a dog.

Sunday Apr 23/65
attended Negro church
It was amusing in
the extreme. Morning
and I called on Sergeant
& c Ganses at his residence
more particularly to see
his wife.

1st Spring 1864
 1st Exam of Capitol Building
 Length of Wings including steps 324 ft
 Width of Wings 142 - 8 in
 Width of old Capitol 352 - 4 in
 Area of ground actually
 covered more than 3 1/2 acres
 Height of dome above basement 264 ft
 Apr 26/64

Account of Clothing
Brought from Govt
at Columbus if ordered
1 Jacket
1 pair Pants
1 Cap
1 Harness
1 Gaiter
1 Blanket
at Burlington Mass
1 Knapsack
1 Rubber blanket
at Farmington
1 Blanket
over coat. 10.50

271 Lincolns Ave
146 Mc Gillave
325

Account of Captain Edwin Bedee, 12th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers

121.



"I SAW LINCOLN SHOT"

by Charles E. Greenwood

The story of an obscure captain in the Union army who was both a witness to and a part of an historic tragedy . . .

□ HE WAS SEATED IN THE second row on the left side of the theatre in back of the orchestra. A command view could be had of President Abraham Lincoln watching the play. The sound of a shot rang out above the actor's voice on stage. Captain Edwin Bedee stared as a man vaulted from the President's box onto the stage.

Little did Edwin Bedee, Captain, 12th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, know when he enlisted, August 18, 1862, in Meredith, New Hampshire, that he would witness the tragic death of one of America's greatest Presidents, Abraham Lincoln, on the fateful day of April 14, 1865.

When Captain Bedee saw the man drop onto the stage from the President's box, his first reaction was to pursue the fleeing murderer. Instead, Bedee, like the rest, listened as Booth boldly uttered the incredible words, "Revenge for the South!"

Sensing a catastrophe, Cap-

tain Bedee sprang from his chair, climbed over some rows, bolted past the orchestra and footlights and across the stage in the direction Booth had disappeared.

A scream shattered the mounting noise. "They've got him!" Bedee presumed the assassin was caught. Another scream. It was Mrs. Lincoln. "My husband is shot!" A doctor was called for. Captain Bedee reeled around and bounded across the stage toward the box. As he was scaling the box, a man appeared and stated he was a physician. Captain Bedee stepped aside, pushed the doctor up to the railing and followed directly behind. Had the Captain not given assistance to the surgeon, he would have been the first to reach Lincoln. The only entrance to the box was believed locked by Booth when he slipped in to do his foul act, which apparently kept anyone from hastily entering from the outside passageway.

President Lincoln lay reclined in his chair, his head tilted back as though he were asleep. The doctor searched for the wound. Seeking some evidence of blood or torn clothing, the surgeon started to remove Lincoln's coat and unbutton his vest. Meanwhile, Captain Bedee was holding the President's head. Suddenly he felt a warm wetness trickling into his hand. "Here is the wound, doctor," Captain Bedee said, as one of his fingers slid into the hole in the back of Lincoln's head where the ball had only moments before forced an entry.

During the removal of some of the President's clothing, papers fell from his pocket. Mrs. Lincoln, apparently rational in spite of the shock of the calamity, handed the packet to Captain Bedee remarking, "You are an officer, and won't you take charge of these papers?" Captain Bedee took the papers while she removed others from her husband's inner pocket and placed them in Bedee's hand.

By now others had gained entrance to the box through the door. One was a surgeon. Together the two doctors worked over the President, and when Lincoln was removed to the house across the street from the theatre, Captain Bedee helped carry the dying man. He waited at the house where Secretary of War Stanton was soon to arrive. Upon the Secretary's arrival, Captain Bedee delivered the papers to him, writing his own name and regiment upon the wrapper which Stanton placed around the documents. Secretary Stanton gave the Captain two assignments: first, to go to the War Department with a

message, and secondly, to contact the officer in command at Chain Bridge on matters dealing with the escaping assassin.

When the missions were completed, Captain Bedee returned to Stanton. The Secretary thanked him for his diligence in handling the duties assigned him and also for caring for the President's papers. He was then told to return to his post of duty.

The following day Captain Bedee was with his regiment. That evening an officer brought an order for the Captain's arrest. Apparent misunderstanding of the connections between Bedee, Lincoln's papers, and the assassination had made him a suspect within the War Department. Captain Bedee was so distraught that he telegraphed the department explaining the situation.

For two days Captain Bedee was kept under arrest. Finally his release came, with an explanation of the confusion. Immediately the Captain wrote Secretary Stanton a personal letter stating that his honorable record during the war years would now have a very serious blemish if the details were not clarified. The Secretary wrote back explaining the error caused by the lower echelon in his department and gave proper acknowledgment to Captain Bedee for the commendable acts performed by him in the handling of Lincoln's papers. Thus the good captain was completely exonerated from any suspicious association with the murder of President Lincoln.

How did Captain Bedee happen upon this sorrowful moment of American history?

"The audience was laughing at the antics on stage..."

Edwin Bedee was born in Sandwich, New Hampshire, and grew up in the area. He was a printer by trade prior to the war. At 24 he enlisted and spent three months in a New York regiment but hastily returned to Meredith upon his release to join the 12th Volunteers, wanting to be with fellow New Hampshiremen.

Mustered in as a sergeant major of the regiment, Bedee was soon promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. At the battle of Chancellorsville he was wounded and yet assumed command of his regiment when those higher in command were either killed or unable to lead.

At Chancellorsville, Bedee's ability to make decisions under the pressure of battle was recognized, and he was promoted to captain. A year later, at Cold Harbor, Virginia, Captain Bedee was severely wounded. Recovering from his wounds, Bedee went back into action. This time he was captured at Bermuda Front, Virginia. He was paroled in February of '65. Shortly thereafter, Captain Bedee was selected to serve on the staff of General Potter and went to Washington on special duty. On Friday evening, April 14, 1865, he decided to attend Ford's Theatre.

The play was *Our American Cousin*. It was being performed for the last time. Captain Bedee was fortunate to obtain a seat for the house. In fact, his seat gave him full view of the President's box and its occupants. Because the audience was laughing at the antics

on stage at the time, few heard the shot that felled the President.

A month after this tragic and involved affair, Captain Bedee was promoted to the rank of major. Soon he was mustered out of the army along with his regiment.

When the war was over, Major Bedee caught the speculating craze and was lured to the South African diamond fields. But within a few years he sold out, returned to Boston, and established himself as a successful diamond trader.

During his latter years, Major Bedee, now a man of moderate wealth, gave generously to the churches and other institutions in the town of Meredith. He purchased a statue in honor of the 12th Regimental Volunteers and had it placed on the lawn of the Meredith Public Library.

Major Bedee died at the famous Pemigewasset House in Plymouth, New Hampshire, on January 13, 1908, just five days after his 71st birthday. He never married. His body lies in the Meredith cemetery beneath a simple monument.

Little, if any, recognition has even been given Major Bedee in the many accounts written on Lincoln's death because his role was that of a dutiful officer acting in a crisis. Had the circumstances surrounding Lincoln's personal and official papers not been so minor in the wake of such a tragic event, Major Bedee might have become nationally exposed as a suspect in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln. His innocence brought oblivion.

Lincoln's Last Night

ASSASSINATION OF GREAT EMANCIPATOR RECALLED.

By LEWIS GARDNER REYNOLDS
Custodian, Lincoln House.

SEVERAL conflicting versions of Abraham Lincoln's last hours—the time elapsing between the shooting in Ford's Theater at a little after 10 o'clock Friday night, and his death in the Petersen House at 22 minutes after 7 on Saturday morning.

These versions differ in essential details, hence cannot all be right. The excitement of the tragic moments doubtless accounts, in large measure, for the conflicting stories of the events of the night. Men, and women too, who were present at the time saw the same thing differently, and what they saw became impressed upon their several minds and were related subsequently.

A noted jurist once said that he considered logical and clearcut circumstantial evidence far more reliable than the individual testimony of eyewitnesses. He said, further, "I have known of so many cases where two, three or even more witnesses had actually seen a crime committed, but when they came to the witness stand their several stories differed in many essential details."

With that judicial thought in mind the writer of this article, after a careful study of the circumstances, and intimate association with the house in which the President died and the details of the whole story, attempts to analyze the matter and produce, as nearly as may be, a logical version of that tragic night, voiding as far as possible any grave contradictions of other stories that have been told in good faith.

Assassin's Entree Perfect.

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, being a stock actor at Ford's, had perfect entree to the theater, to come and go as he pleased. It was not an unusual occurrence—in fact, almost his daily and nightly habit—to step in and look over the audience. That is just what he did the night of the tragedy, which he had well planned during the afternoon.

After several drinks of brandy to nerve him for the deed, he entered one of the front doors, sauntered around the back of the parquet, then ascended the stairway to the balcony, walking carelessly around the rear of the balcony seats. Ushers and attaches paid no particular attention to him because he had done that same thing before.

The President and his party were in the upper tier of boxes, and no entrance to them except from the level of the balcony floor. Booth sauntered around until he was close to the box; leaned nonchalantly against the wall and awaited a favorable opportunity to enter. That moment came when Lincoln's sole guard stepped out into the balcony to better observe what was being enacted on the stage. Booth quietly stepped in, adjusted a stick so that the door could not be quickly or easily opened from the outside—the work of an instant—fired the bullet into the back of the President's head, and then leaped over the rail of the box onto the stage. In doing this, a spur that he wore on his boot (he planned to mount a horse which was awaiting him in the alley at the rear of the theater, and make his escape, hence was booted and spurred) entangled in a fold of one of the flags that draped the President's box and tripped him, so that when landing on the stage he did so in such a manner that he broke a small bone of his left ankle.

A rather dramatic incident that the flag of the nation should have leaped forward in a mute attempt at capture, thus making the final capture, twelve

THE EVENING STAR.

W. D. WALLACH, Editor and Proprietor.

WASHINGTON CITY:
SATURDAY..... APRIL 15, 1900.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE.
SEE OUTSIDE FOR INTERESTING TELE-
GRAPHIC AND OTHER MATTER.

EXTRA.

THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

At 22 minutes past seven o'clock the President breathed his last, closing his eyes as if falling to sleep, and his countenance assuming an expression of perfect serenity. There were no indications of pain, and it was not known that he was dead until the gradually decreasing respiration ceased altogether.

Rev. Dr. Gurley, (of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church,) immediately on its being ascertained that life was extinct, knelt at the bedside and offered an impressive prayer which was responded to by all present.

Dr. Gurley then proceeded to the front parlor, where Mrs. Lincoln, Capt. Robert Lincoln, Mr. John Hay, the Private Secretary, and others, were waiting, where he again offered prayer for the consolation of the family.

the theater were crowded with excited people. Police and soldiers held them back from and around the President and those who were bearing him on an improvised stretcher, probably a door which had been torn from one of the boxes.

Halting a few moments at the curb to determine what was best to be done to get the President some place where he could be given attention, lights were observed in a house directly across the street, and a young man standing in the doorway was beckoning to those in charge to bring the injured man "right in here."

Of course that invitation was promptly accepted. Several different versions have been given as to the circumstances of the bringing of the President into the Petersen house and who invited the surgeons to do so. The writer leans strongly to the story related by Carl Bersch, who painted that remarkable picture of the scene, now on exhibition in the Lincoln Museum in the Ford Theater Building. The painting is the property of Mrs. Carrie L. Fischer of Annapolis, who is the daughter of Carl Bersch. Mrs. Fischer has generously loaned the picture to the Lincoln Museum as she felt that was the proper setting for it. It is a most remarkable picture because of the circumstances that surrounded the making of it.

Letter by Bersch.

Mr. Bersch's story can best be told in his own words, from a letter written to his family at the time. Mr. Bersch occupied quarters on the second floor of the house adjoining the Petersen home, on the north. This house, although now used for business purposes, is much as it was at that time so far as the front is concerned. There was a small balcony just outside of Mr. Bersch's front window and stepping

over →

days later, much easier.

Maj. Rathbone Slashed.

Maj. Henry R. Rathbone, who was present in the box, made an unsuccessful attempt to grapple with Booth and prevent his escape, but the assassin, armed as he was with a dagger, slashed the major in the arm and body—not fatally, but enough to stop any further interference.

William Withers, jr., leader of the orchestra, leaped upon the stage and undertook to intercept Booth as he limped across to the left of the set scenery to back-stage, but Booth slashed him with the same dagger with which he had disarmed Maj. Rathbone.

Up to this point all of the several versions seem to agree, substantially. When Mrs. Lincoln leaned over the rail of the box, and cried frantically for a surgeon or doctor, a man in uniform, who had occupied a near-front seat in the orchestra, leaped upon the stage and was "boosted" to the upper box. From the rail of the lower box to the floor extension of the upper box, could not have been more than six or seven feet, so it was not a difficult matter to push the officer up to where he could clamber into the President's box. This man was, undoubtedly, Surg. Gen. Charles S. Taft.

Whether or not the first surgeon or doctor or layman to reach the President's side was Charles S. Taft, or some one who had entered through the door from the balcony, is one of the mooted questions that may never be answered. At best it was merely a matter of a few seconds. As the time required to remove the bar which Booth had fixed securely on the door, and no man in the box except the injured Maj. Rathbone, some few precious moments must have been lost. Therefore, the logical and "circumstantial evidence" seems to this writer to be in favor of Surg. Taft, who took charge of the case, and ordered that the injured President be carried out into the air. It is a small matter anyhow, and scarcely worthy of contention, as to who reached the President first.

Removal From Box.

The task of carrying the injured Lincoln out of the theater and into the air was accomplished as quickly as possible. One account has it that the rear row of balcony seats had to be removed to provide room, but the accuracy of this account has been questioned. It was doubtless necessary to remove several of the seats—those nearest the door of the box, and that gave rise to the story that the entire rear row was removed. It would have required considerable time to tear out 25 or 30 chairs—and time was the supreme element at that moment.

At any rate the unconscious man was successfully carried out as speedily as possible and the elapsed time until he was laid upon a bed in the Petersen house indicated that no unnecessary moments were wasted in the theater building.

The street and sidewalks in front of

out on to this he had an unobstructed view of the surging crowd—could look right down upon the scene.

Mr. Carl Betsch's story:

"All Washington was celebrating, delirious with joy. Houses were lighted up and hung with bunting. Parades marched through the streets, waving flags and carrying many transparencies. Women with wide skirts, and wearing large poke bonnets, were about as numerous as men. President Lincoln was known to be at Ford's Theater, so Tenth street was on the line of march. I observed no rowdiness, just a crowd of jubilant people, crazed with joy. The scene was so unusual and inspiring, that I stepped out upon the balcony in front of my windows, with my easel and sketch papers, determined to make a picture of the whole scene and transfer it to canvas. The very weirdness of the scene—aside from the historic nature of it—appealed to my artistic sense. Quickly, but very accurately, I made detailed drawings. I had more than an hour in which to do this. Shortly after 10 o'clock a silence fell upon the surging crowd of revelers. The marching line halted. A loud cry came from a window of the theater, 'President Lincoln has been shot; clear the street,' soldiers and police attended to that. In the course of 10 or 15 minutes, out of the north door of the theater appeared a group of men, carrying the prostrate form of an injured man on an improvised stretcher. They stopped a few moments at the curb, hastily debating where to take the injured man to give him the best attention most quickly. They observed lights in the house of William Petersen, my next door neighbor, and a young man, Willie Clark, whom I know very well, standing on the topmost step of the winding stairs, leading to the Petersen house.

Beckoning of Clark.

"Clark was beckoning to those who had charge, to bring the injured man right in. This was done as quickly as the soldiers could make a pathway through the crowd.

"My balcony being 12 or 14 feet above the sidewalk and street, I had a clear view of the scene, above the heads of the crowd. I recognized the lengthy form of the President by the flickering light of the torches, and one large gas lamp post on the sidewalk. The tarrying at the curb and the slow, careful manner in which he was carried across the street, gave me ample time to make an accurate sketch of that particular scene; make it the center and outstanding part of the large painting I shall make, using the sketches I made earlier in the evening, as an appropriate background. A fitting title for the picture would, I think, be 'Lincoln Borne by Loving Hands on the Fatal Night of April 14, 1865.' Altogether it was the most tragic and impressive scene I have ever witnessed. I am already busy with palette and brush and hope to transfer to canvas what may be one of the strangest pictures of all time."

The painting is admirably displayed in the Lincoln Museum in Ford's Theater and is one of the many interesting and historic things shown there.

Lincoln lingered in the modest little room in the Petersen house, for more than nine hours—unconscious all of the time—passing peacefully away at 22 minutes after 7 on Saturday morning.

So intensely interesting is the whole story that the only way I can find an end is by abruptly stopping. Before doing so, however, just a few pertinent thoughts.

The assassination occurred on Good Friday—which recurs this year on April 14.

He was first laid out in state on Easter Sunday morning—68 years ago this very day.

The rest you can read in the histories.

Saw Booth Shoot Lincoln

Boggs, Albert

Sergt. Boggs, Civil War Veteran, Tells of Night in Ford's Theater

Chicago claims the only survivor of the audience which, in Ford's theater, Washington, witnessed the assassination of Abraham Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, thereby writing into American history one of its darkest pages.

That survivor is Albert W. Boggs, civil war veteran, who is passing his declining years at the James C. King Home for Old Men, at 360 Garfield boulevard.

Will Tell of Tragedy

Sergt. Boggs, as he is known, is to be a guest of honor at the Executives' club at their meeting at the Hotel Sherman Friday noon, when he will address the club members on the stirring incidents of the civil war, and more particularly on the details of the tragedy which cost the nation one of its greatest men.

In addition to seeing the assassination of Lincoln, the then young soldier attended the execution of three of those who conspired with Booth.

Enlisted in Ohio

Sergt. Boggs is 83, but looks younger. Courteously of manner, and still maintaining his military bearing in spite of his advanced age, he appears every inch the soldier.

"I enlisted at the beginning of the war in Columbus, Ohio," he related to a Journal reporter, "and shortly after was sent to the sign corps camp of instruction for training. This was in Georgetown, and at this time, while in Washington one day, I visited the white house under the wing of Edwin M. Stanton, by whom I was presented to President Lincoln and his family—Mrs. Lincoln and the two boys.

"I again found myself in Washington toward the close of the war, after having been knocked from my horse by a piece of a shell which exploded near me and hit me in the head. This was three or four days before the assassination.

Attended Ford's Theater

"I was taken to the capital by Thomas M. Vincent, assistant adjutant general of the army, who was a relative of mine, and whose guest I was during my convalescence.

"On the eventful night my host had tickets to Ford's theater, and I accompanied him. We were seated about two-thirds of the way down the theater, in the parquet. My head was still bandaged where the shell had wounded me.

"It was a gala night, with the president in his box, which was draped in flags. Suddenly a shot rang out. Immediately all was confusion. Everybody leaped to his feet, but for the moment no one dreamed of the seriousness of what had happened. Only those immediately about him knew that the president had been shot.

Gripped by Tragedy

"I shall never forget my sensation as the truth broke upon me. It was one of stifling, as though someone had gripped my throat.

"The assassin as he fled drew a knife and escaped by way of the stage."

Sergt. Boggs held a position for many years following the war in the postoffice of the house of representatives. While there he became well acquainted with the nation's two other martyred presidents, William McKinley and James A. Garfield.

VETERAN, WHO SAW LINCOLN SHOT, IS DEAD

(Picture on back page.)

Sergt. Albert W. Boggs, civil war veteran who saw Abraham Lincoln assassinated at Ford's theater in Washington in 1865, died yesterday, after a prolonged illness, at the James C. King home for aged men, 360 East Garfield boulevard.

Mr. Boggs, who was 84, retired from his work as a traveling salesman six years ago, then explaining that wounds he received while fighting as one of Gen. Sherman's soldiers made it impossible for him "to stand the grind of the road."

It was as the guest of his cousin Maj. Gen. Thomas M. Vincent that Mr. Boggs, then 19, attended Ford's theater the night J. Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln. Mr. Boggs attended the trial of the conspirators and saw the execution. He also attended Lincoln's funeral.

After being discharged from the union army, Mr. Boggs was employed in the postoffice of the house of representatives. He later became a glass salesman and remained in that occupation until his retirement in 1922. Sergt. Boggs was born in Cadiz, O., and there he enlisted. He is survived by a sister, Miss Anna M. Boggs, who lives in Chicago. Funeral services will be held at the Daylight church, 47th street and St. Lawrence avenue tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be in Mount Hope cemetery.

Saw Lincoln Shot



ALBERT W. BOGGS

Summer 1974

A New Donation of Lincolniana

THE SMITH COLLECTION

RECENTLY AN EXTENSIVE and unusual collection of Lincolniana and Civil War books and mementoes amassed over a lifetime by Dr. Charles H. Smith of Sarasota, Florida, was donated to Lincoln Memorial University. A retired dentist from West Virginia, Dr. Smith decided to place his collection here when he read of the generosity of Colonel Harland Sanders and his wife Claudia in giving half a million dollars toward the construction of the Abraham Lincoln Library and Museum to be erected on this campus.

While it is virtually impossible to assess the worth of a labor of love, it is estimated that the Smith Collection has a current market value of about \$11,000. Among the items which made it such a fine complement to the existing collection are: a series of letters and documents of Civil War soldiers, a copy of Lincoln's patent for

buoying vessels, a piece of wallpaper from the room in which he died, Civil War uniforms, a Lincoln letter, and several fine Currier and Ives lithographs of Lincoln and his generals.

There are also ninety-two books in the Smith Collection, running the gamut from such early editions as John Abbott's *History of the Civil War in America* (1863), Joseph Barrett's *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1865), and Frank Moore's *Women of the War* (1866), to Willard Webb's *Crucial Moments of the Civil War* (1961), and Robert Paul Jordan's *The Civil War* (1969). With the completion of the Lincoln Library these books and the roughly one hundred mementoes of Lincoln's life and times will be both attractively displayed and available to anyone who might wish to examine them for pleasure or scholarly purpose.

" . . . greate excitement in the city today . . . " Washington, D.C.—April 15, 1865

PELEG BRADFORD, a private in the 1st Maine Artillery, was in a Washington, D. C. hospital, after having his leg amputated from an injury received in battle, at the time of President Lincoln's assassination and death. Two pages of his three-page letter addressed to a friend provides a vivid account of the public feeling in Washington during this tragic time.

The original letter dated April 15, 1865 is the property of Norm Flayderman of New Milford, Connecticut. The letter (without corrections as to spelling or punctuation) in part follows:

. . . there has been a greate excitment here fore the past 8 or 10 days over the greate fiting and surrender of Lea's army and the capture of Richmond and Petersburg and to cap the whole the Presi-

dent was shot last night while he was at a thearter on F street greate excitement in the city to day Secretary Seward had his throat cut and his son — stabled but it is thought that they will recover but the President died this morning at half past 8 oclock he was shot about 10 oclock last night the flags are all at half mast and all the public buildings are Closed they have arested the man that Shot honest abe but the man . . . that cut theair throats they cant find yet but they are after him and probably will get him the negroes feal very bad to think they have lost theair Father they are left to Scratch for them selves now I ask a negro this morning if he new that his Father was dead and he told me that he did and he said it was a greate loss to him.

B.

Washington City D.C April 15th 1865

Dear Friend I now take this opportunity
to write you a few lines to let you
know that I am well and hope these few
lines will find you the same I told you
when I left home that I would write to you
as soon as I got here but I have not written
until this time when I got here I did not know
how long I should stop here so I did not write to
you as I told you I would I don't know how long
I shall stop out here I like the Bazaar but
I don't like the place as now it is in danger
of his life after all the excitement here for the first
over the great fighting and surrender of Vicksburg
and the capture of Richmond and Petersburg and
the capture of the whole the President was shot last
night while he was at a theater on F Street
great excitement in the City today Secretary
Seward had his throat cut and his son was stabbed
but it is thought that they will recover but
the President died this morning at half past
8 o'clock he was shot about 10 o'clock last night
the flags are all at half mast and all the
Public buildings are closed they have arrested
the man that shot honest Abe but the man

See Lincoln Herald

PELEG BRADFORD TO A FRIEND.

Summer 1974, Vol 76, No 2, page 101 (Xerox copy attached)

B
but the man that cut their throats they can
finds yet but they are after him and probably
will get him the negroes feel very sad to
think they have lost their Father they are
left to scratch for their selves now I ast a
negro this morning if he new that his Father
was dead and he told me that he did and he
said it was a great loss to him well how goes
things in Cammer this spring and what about
the draft did John have to go if he did I dont
think that will have to do any fighting for I think
it is about paid out have you hearn anything
from Smiths I have not hearn from Bart nor
Smiths but once since I have been out here do
you think of going away this summer you told
me that you was when I left I have got so
that I can walk on my leg with a cane I can
go around on it like a top when I first came
out here I went on the mite watch but now I
am on the day watch and all the folt that
I can find with it is that I dont have enough
to keep me awake but I think that I shal
pass the time away in fighting for I think their
is need enough of it dont you for I think it
will bother the deved to find this out if you
can read it you can do better than I can but
I will try and do better next time I cant blame
you any if you dont answer this letter for the
reason that I should write to you before

The Minneapolis Journal

Minneapolis, 81, Recalls Assassination of Lincoln Sixty Years Ago Tuesday

April 12-1925
Dr. H. W. Brazie, Veteran of Gettysburg and Secret
Service, Knew John Wilkes Booth and
Men Who Aided Him

Dr. H. W. Brazie, 81 year old Minneapolis physician, who as a Washington secret service agent used to eat his meals in the same hotel with John Wilkes Booth, last night recalled the details of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, April 14, 1865, just 60 years ago Tuesday, remembering the tragedy that rocked a nation, "as if it were yesterday."

"the time Lincoln was shot," Dr. Brazie recalled last night.

"It was a warm night, and I was sitting in my room before an open window when a commotion in the street attracted my attention, looking out, I saw men hurrying here and there, and heard cries that 'Lincoln is dead—Lincoln has been killed!'"

Posted at Rail Station

"Immediately reporting for duty, I was stationed at the Baltimore & Ohio railroad terminal, ordered to see that nobody left the city without being identified."

Dr. Brazie, who has been a physician here for 46 years, was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg. He can recall the tavern, owned by Mrs. Surratt, where the plot to assassinate Lincoln was hatched.

He knew every member of the Booth family, and was "professionally acquainted" with the Surratt tavern, "a nest of anarchy and sedition," which was 'rifled' when Booth's gang was rounded up.

He knew Spangler, the man who held Booth's horse outside the theater, and Dr. Mudd, who set the assassin's leg and secreted him after his flight.

Assassin Shot as He Fled Barn

"Booth met his death not more than 10 days after the assassination," Dr. Brazie said. "He was shot as he rushed from the barn that had been fired by officers surrounding him. Sergeant Boston Corbett fired the shot that killed him, and he was buried in a private burial ground in northern New York, without mark or headstone."

"Some have said the body was kept in the navy yards before burial, and it is reported now that he lived several years after the assassination. This is not true. I saw Booth in the arsenal, and I know it was he, because I used to eat in the same hotel dining room with him in Washington."

"The rumor that Booth lived for years after the assassination is similar to the recent fallacy about Harry Haywood not being hanged. I happen to know Haywood was hanged, because I was within six feet of the gallows when the trap was pulled from under his feet. I was the physician who pronounced him dead."

Dr. Brazie lives at 3416 Pillsbury avenue.

PICAYUNE - APR. 12, 1911

Tragedy of April 14, 1865, Holds Double Meaning for Monroe Planter, Now 93

**Daniel A. Breard, Sr., Re-
calls Seeing Lincoln on
Stump, Booth on Stage
5 Years Before Killing**

(Special to The Times-Picayune)

Monroe, La., April 11.—The 14th of April is a memorable date in the recollections of Daniel A. Breard, Sr., retired merchant and planter of Monroe and the oldest living white native of Ouachita parish. The date is indelibly imprinted in his memory, not only because it is the anniversary of one of the greatest tragedies in American history, but because, as a youth, he had seen both persons involved in the fatal event.

When "Uncle Dan," as Mr. Breard is familiarly known throughout the parish, on separate occasions saw Abraham Lincoln and John Wilkes Booth, he little dreamed that the two men's paths would cross, that within a few years one would assassinate the former.

Enters the Army

It was five years before that night of April 14 at Ford's theater in Washington in 1865 that Mr. Breard, then a 17-year-old freshman at the University of St. Louis in St. Louis,

Mo., saw Lincoln and Booth. He saw Booth, who was only 21 years old at the time, across the footlights, playing a minor role in a St. Louis theater. Later, he crossed the Mississippi river into Illinois to hear Lincoln campaign for the presidency.

A few months thereafter, "Uncle Dan" abandoned his studies to fight for the Confederate cause in the War Between the States. Not particularly fond of classroom routine, he thought he was quitting the prosaic for the romantic. He was to find, however, that considerable realism is mixed with romance—insofar, at least, as war is concerned.

Shortly after Louisiana seceded following Lincoln's election, he left college. Returning to Monroe, he joined the local company of the Second Louisiana Infantry and served continuously with that outfit until his capture during the latter part of the conflict.

Worth Remembering

Though Mr. Breard, now in his 93rd year and bedridden, served four years with the Southern army on the sanguinary fields of Northern Virginia, he places his varied and colorful military experiences secondary to the fact that he had the unique privilege of seeing both Lincoln and Booth. After all, he indicates by the tone of his voice in speaking of the matter, a bloody battle is merely a battle, but Lincoln and Booth—they are men worth remembering.

Despite the fact that he was born, reared and schooled in the South and served in the Confederate army, "Uncle Dan," undoubtedly one of the few persons still alive who can claim to have seen both the martyred president and his assassin, has always been a great admirer of Lincoln. He sets him among the outstanding civil leaders of the world, in a position secondary only to General Robert E. Lee and Lieutenant-General "Stonewall" Jackson, under whom he soldiered.

Captured at Culpepper Courthouse, Va., by Union forces during the last phases of the interstate conflict that started in 1861 and raged through part of 1865, "Uncle Dan" was sent, as a prisoner of war, to Elmira, N. Y. There he remained until exchanged shortly before the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. Having contracted scurvy as a result of the unbalanced rations upon which the Confederates were forced to subsist toward the last, he was sent home on sick leave immediately after being passed through the battle lines.

Having been compelled, by the depredations of the Union general, William T. Sherman, in his "march to the sea," to walk most of the distance home, Mr. Breard had scarcely reached Monroe when the news of the assassination of Lincoln arrived. At that time, he said, this was, for the prostrate South, the worst thing that could have happened.

"To begin with," he now declares, in the light of experience and mature judgment, "if the militaristic Southern leaders had ceased rattling their swords long enough to listen to Lincoln's simple words of wisdom, the Union would have never been disrupted."

REMEMBERS LINCOLN TRAGEDY

Woman Tells of Assassination of War President at Theatre.

Huron, S. D., Feb. 12.—On this day when millions of Americans are thinking of the humble birth and towering life of Abriham Lincoln, a little old lady of this town is thinking overpoweringly of his tragic death.

The passing 70 years has not dimmed the picture of that horrible moment for Mrs. Nelson Armstrong. As a young actress she was backstage in Ford's Theatre the night Booth's murderous pistol shots cut through the light comedy of the play to present a sudden and stark tragedy.

Mrs. Armstrong was then the child-

wife of Edwin Brink, whom she had married at 15 shortly before the tragedy. Through her husband she was soon playing small parts with the troupe. She well remembers John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, as a popular and light-hearted player.

"He was nothing like his terrible deed suggests," she recalls. "He was always ready for gaiety when with the company, and never struck anyone as particularly serious."

Recalls Puzzling Remark.

The play presented that fateful night of April 14 was "Our American Cousin"—a fill-in while Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was being rehearsed, for the Ford's Theatre company was at that time specializing in Shakespeare.

Kitty Brink did not have a role in "Our American Cousin," but her hus-

band did. Kitty was relegated to the dressing-rooms to help make up the other actors.

"I recall something my husband told me during rehearsal that morning that puzzled me," Mrs. Armstrong says. "He had been talking to Booth, and said, 'Something will take place here tonight that will make the name of Booth live forever.'"

Burned Into Her Mind.

Here is the way the events of that night burned themselves into the brain of the child actress so that the little old lady still remembers them:

"Everything backstage was going along in routine fashion despite the fact that we were conscious of President Lincoln's presence. The knowledge circulated backstage just as he arrived, soon after the curtain rose. We weren't too excited over that, as he often came to Ford's Theatre during the war, for relaxation.

"It was near the end of the second—or third—act, at about 10 o'clock when 'things happened.' In the dressing rooms we heard two indistinct noises. We thought nothing much about it until we heard shouts both from the stage and from the auditorium. Realizing that the shouts were foreign to the lines of the play, we stepped into a little hallway.

Heard Booth Fleeing.

"Just as that moment we heard the clumping footsteps of someone running through the stage scenery down to the rear entrance out the door, and into the alley.

"That was Booth, though of course we didn't know it then.

"We rushed onto the stage. All was wild chaos. The first thing I saw was a number of men being lifted up from the stage into the President's box.

"And further back, I saw the picture that has never left me for a moment. Sitting in his chair, his great shaggy head slumped on his chest, was Mr. Lincoln!

"Mrs. Lincoln was screaming and crying unintelligibly. I heard her cry once, 'Mr. Lincoln has been shot!' By this time two actors of our company, Miss Keene and Mr. Ferguson, had worked their way through the panicky crowd and come up from the rear to the door of the box.

Audience in Stampede.

"I stood on the stage, glued to the spot, overwhelmed and terrified. I could see doctors working over Mr. Lincoln. Finally a group of men carried the chair with the President on it out of the theatre.

"The performance was hopelessly disrupted, of course. Patrons were leaving the theatre in a frenzy of excitement. No one was quite sure what had happened, and many had no idea that Mr. Lincoln had been shot.

"Miss Keene came back to the stage, and it was then that I learned that it was Booth, our fellow-player, who had done the slaying."

Mrs. Armstrong (she divorced Brink, married Nelson Armstrong, and is now a widow) is one of those who believe that John Wilkes Booth was not the man who was shot when cornered in a burning barn by pursuing troops.

Doubts Booth Was Slain.

"The man they got in that barn was not Booth," Mrs. Armstrong avers. "Of course I can't prove it definitely one way or another, but I, and a great number of others who knew him, have always been convinced that he got away and died under another name many years later."

After the tragedy, Mrs. Brink played in Shakespearean plays all over the United States and Canada for 15 years, following which she retired and married Armstrong.

Today as a widow, two of whose children live here, she is alert and very much alive at 85. And the anniversary of Lincoln's birth as observed today only serves to make more vivid to this old lady, one of the few remaining eye witnesses, the terrible tableau she saw 70 years ago.

TEXAS INDEPENDENCE BROADSIDE

1167. "UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE BY THE DELEGATES OF THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS," in General Convention at the Town of Washington on the second day of March, 1836. Approx. 12x16". One of the rarest broadsides in existence in outstanding condition. See back cover. Only other copy known is Streeter copy. (MIN. BID \$6,000.00)

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

1168. A magnificent 4-page letter by a Wisconsin soldier to his sister with an emotional recount of the tragic scene at Ford's Theater.

"Judiciary Square Hospt., April 16. Dear Sister: The rejoicing over our victories has been turned into mourning. President Lincoln has been struck down in the midst of his usefulness, the pride of the age, the benefactor of his race, the liberator of a nation and the friend of suffering humanity --was here murdered by a demon in human form and all because he was Chief Magistrate of the Nation.

I was present and saw this scene enacted, and such an act--that has no parallel since the days of Roman greatness when Caesar was struck down in the Roman Senate by an idle mob. But I will tell a little of what I saw..."

He relates how he decided to go to Ford's Theater to see the President and Gen. Grant. "8:30 came and the private box where the greatest man of the age was to sit was still unoccupied. The play commenced. Mr. Lincoln and lady accompanied by a single couple entered the house being received by enthusiastic cheers as they took their seats. The play went on smoothly. Suddenly a pistol shot was heard. No one was alarmed because it was believed to be a part of the play. A change takes place --a dark form is seen to fall from the private box, his spurs catching in the flag as he descends. A second and he recovers, rising in a tragical attitude he draws a dagger and with his white face toward the crowd he repeated in Latin "So be it ever to tyrants".

Moving description of the bedlam in the theater and of Miss Keene holding President's hand while examination was being made. He is sure murderer is John Wilkes Booth, as he has seen him before. Adds a P.S. that the city is mad with excitement and 3 men have been shot dead by soldiers for saying they were glad that the President was dead.

Original envelope penned "Apr. 16 '65, postmarked Apr. 17. Signed by Spencer H. Bronson, who was Co. B, 7th Reg't. Wisconsin Volunteers.

Very legible unpublished account. (\$400.00)

1169. Group of 20 UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OFSGT. BRONSON WHO WROTE THE ABOVE LETTER ON LINCOLN. Battle accounts, "Our lines & the Rebs are 500 yards apart." Mentions Lincoln & Grant, Sherman's March, Indians joining the Army, etc. All with considerable contents. Most by but a few to Sgt. Bronson. All but one has the cover, postmarked Wash., D.C. or Wisc., Scott 3 cent rose stamps. Neat & legible. (\$65.00)
1170. Gen. Grant CHROMOLITHOGRAPH IN CONTEMPORARY FRAME. Military bust portrait in oval frame 19 x 22". Portrait is scuffed & frame needs repair. (\$37.00)
1172. (PRINT). WASHINGTON FAMILY. PAINTED by F. Schell, PUB. Dainty, ENGD. by A.B. Walter. Ca. 1840. In 12 x 14" oval frame. Vg. (\$37.00)

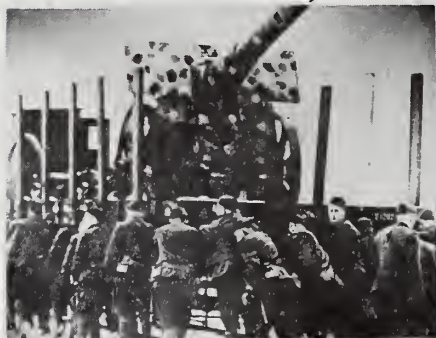
Americana Mail Auction
No 53
Oct. 7, 1973

The following leaflets were all fired by American Army mortars or shells to German front-line troops:

1173. CPH 30	Weitermachen bedeutet: With quote from Roosevelt's 21.X.44 speech	\$ 15.00
1174. CT 52	In letzter Stunde. Feb 1944. Shows crease marking by firing	15.00
1175. CT 55	Einige deutsche Offiziere. Feb 44. Ditto	15.00
1176. CT 3	Deutsche Soldate im Westwall! With Surrender Pass in English. ditto. R!	17.00

Dropped by USAAF planes on behalf of US Government:

1177. ZG 45	Eine minute. Aug 44	5.00
1178. ZG 61	Safe Conduct with English translation insert. Vy. colourful	5.00
1179. ZG 61A	Miniautre edition of above for mortar-firing. V. rare	20.00
1180. ZG 64	Das Ende. Quotes from speeches by Roosevelt & Churchill	6.00
1181. ZG 119	Schlussmachen bedeutet. Discoloured. Marc 45	4.00
1182. USG 9	Tag und Nacht. USAAF's day & night bombing of Germany. Illus.	5.00
1183. USG 26	Wenn friede Einkehrt	4.00
1184. USG 34	Wollt ihr den totalen Krieg ? Roosevelt's speech of 24.12.43 quoted, with signature. R!	8.00
1185. WG 12	Military proclamation to Germany people by Dwight Eisenhower, with Roosevelt & Churchill speeches	10.00
1186. F 140	President Roosevelt's Message to French people re North African landings. US flag in colour with Roosevelt's signature.	10.00
	In French & Arabic as above but to North Africans. Flag in colour, President's photo and signed by Eisenhower. Slightly ragged but v. rare	20.00
1187. USH 7	To Holland by USAAF. President Roosevelt's speech of March 24 1944. Very rare leaflet	15.00
1188. USH 13	To Holland by USAAF. Illus and includes Dutch minister Gebrandy's telegram to MacArthur on invasion of Dutch New Guinea. 1944	10.00



#1124



#1003



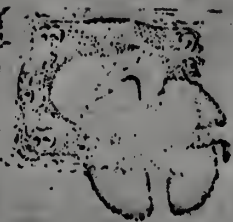
#1112



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#1004





Apr 14 '65

Miss Amanda Bronson

Stall River

Columbia Co

Wisconsin

Indicragy Square Wash April 13

Dear Sister

Your last letter was received in due time was pleased to hear that Edward had been home from even if it was almost one week ago. The rejoicing over our victim has been turned into mourning. President Lincoln has been struck down in the height of his usefulness. the friends of the oppressed the benefactor of his race, the liberator of a nation & the friend of suffering humanity everywhere has been murdered by a demon in human form & all being he was the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

I was present & saw this scene and such an act that has no parallel in the days of Roman greatness who Caesar was struck down in the Roman senate by our rebel mob. But - I will tell a little of what I saw there although I presume you

the full account of this
murder. As I was reading
papers on the 14th inst I saw
that the President of Gen
visit - I heard that
had been gaining that week
that I would make an effort
and so much for the
the play but for the sake
Mr Lincoln & most of all Gen
I have never seen but once
by how I was at the Theatre
but three seconds from this
8⁰⁰ came & the private box
the greatest men of the age was
still unoccupied. The curtain
play commenced entitled "Our
Cousin" the star performer being
Keene. About 8 1/2⁰⁰ Mr Lincoln
accompanied by a single couple
the house being received by
others as they took their seats
went on & all went smiling
being interested in the play.

suddenly a pistol shot is heard - No one
is alarmed for it is believed to be
a part of the play. A strong taken place
a dark form is seen to fall from the
private box his arms catching in the
flag as he descends. A second & he rises
up & rising in a regal attitude he
draws a dagger & with his white face
towards the curtain he repeated in Latin
"Se he it was to turn" & rushed left the
stage making his exit by a back door
mounted a horse rapid road away
The entire crowd started in pursuit but
was halted by an exclamation that he
was caught & loud cries resounded from
all parts of the house "Hang him" "Shoot
him" &c. But it was but a game of
some accomplishment for to draw off the curtain
so that the murderer might escape. In the
meantime Mrs Lincoln came to the front
of the box with loud cries & screams
known to the house & street and seeing that
Mr Lincoln had been assassinated. Help
was called for & men was hurried
up with rods & spears. Miss Keene was

again her presence of mind & went around into the
hot shooting the President heard what an alarm-
motion was being made in London as one of the
housebills of the theatre that evening

I will also send you a paper with
the full account of the affair & also a good portrait
of the murderer who I am sure is J Wilkes
Broth who I have seen before

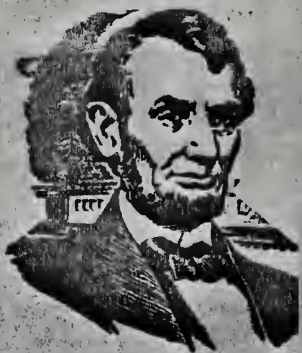
I will write again before

Yours

J W Brinson

The city is mad with excitement -
at the act. - Three men has been shot -
dead by soldiers for saying they were glad
the President was dead

Therefore the murderer has not -
been caught - Save the hard bird



LINCOLN HERALD

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO HISTORICAL RESEARCH IN THE LINCOLN AND CIVIL WAR PERIOD
AND TO THE PROMOTION OF LINCOLN IDEALS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION.

PLEASE REPLY TO:

R. Gerald McMurtry
910 West Rudisill Blvd.
Fort Wayne, IN 46807

November 13, 1973

Mr. Norm Flayderman
N. Flayderman & Co., Inc.
Squash Hollow, R.F.D. 2
New Milford, Connecticut 06776

Dear Mr. Flayderman:

Many thanks for your letter of November 6th giving me permission to take from the S. H. Bronson letter of April 16, 1865 a "significant statement" concerning Lincoln's assassination.

I am particularly interested in the postscript which is as follows: "The city is mad with excitement at the act, three men have been shot dead by soldiers for saying they were glad the president was dead."

I have not revealed your name as the owner of the original letter.

I am enclosing with this letter Lincoln Lore No. 1478, April, 1961, which contains two letters written by Albert Daggett to his mother and sister on April 15th and April 16th, 1865. In both letters he mentions that men have been killed who dared to say that they were glad that president Lincoln had been assassinated.

I will send you a copy of my short article once it is published.

Yours sincerely,

R. Gerald McMurtry

RGM/jn

Enc.

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R.F.D. 2

NEW MILFORD,
CONNECTICUT, 06776, U.S.A.

TEL. 354-5567
AREA CODE 203

November 6, 1973

Mr. R. G. McMurtry
910 W. Rudisill BL
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46807

Dear Mr. McMurtry:

Your letter of October 11, 1973 to Mr. George Rinsland, Allentown, Pennsylvania regarding the Bronson letter with eye witness account of the assassination of Lincoln was forwarded to me as the purchaser. I felt the item was quite important especially as it is substantiated by numerous other letters of Bronson of the same era and I purchased for my personal collection of Lincoln assassination items.

I do not feel I would be interested in having the letter published or reprinted as I would like to reserve its originality of content for a later date. If however, a few significant statements within the letter, or the general content of the letter is worthy of discussing, I would be pleased to cooperate in that respect but I, under no circumstances, wish to have it reprinted in its entirety.

If I can be of any help, please feel free to correspond about it.

Sincerely,

Norm Flayderman
Norm Flayderman

NF:pl

Indiciary Square Hospt April 16

Dear Sister

Your last letter was
received in due time was pleased
to hear that Edward had been heard
from even if it was almost one month
ago . The rejoicing over our victories
has been turned into mourning President
Lincoln has been struck down in the midst
of his usefulness. the pride of the age,
the benefactor of his race, the liberater
of a nation & the friend of suffering
humanity everywhere has been murdered by
a demon in human form & all becaus
he was the Chief Magistrate of the nation

I was present & saw this scene enacted
& such an act that has no parallel since
the days of Roman greatness whe Caesar was
struck down in the Roman senate by
an idle mob. But I will tell a little
of what I saw their although I presume you

have read the full account of this
dasterdly murder. As I was reading
the morning papers on the 14 inst I saw
a statement that the President & Gen
Grant would visit Fords Theatre that
evening. I had been gaining that week
& resolved that I would make an attempt
to be present not so much for the
attraction of the play but for the sake
of seeing Mr Lincoln & most of all Gen
Grant who I have never seene but onece
At an early hour I was at the Theatre
which is but three squares from this
hospital. 8⁰⁰ came & the private box
wher the two greatest men of the age was
to set was still unoccupied The curtains
arose & the play commenced entitled "Oour
American Cousin" the starr performer being
Miss Laura Keene About 8 1/2⁰⁰ Mr Lincoln
& lady accompanied by a single couple
entered the house being received by
enthusiastic cheers as they took their seats
The play went on & all went smoothly
every one being interested in the play. Then

suddenly a pistol shot is heard -- No one
is alarmed for it is believed to be
a part of the play. A chang takes place
a dark form is seen to fall from the
private box his spurs catching in the
flagg as he descends. A second & he recov-
eres & rising in a tragical attitude he
draws a dagger & with his white face
towards the crowd he repeated in latin
"So be it ever to tyrants" & rapid left the
stage making his exit by a back door
mounted a horse rapid rode away
The intire crowd started in pursuit but
were halted by an exclamation that he ha
been caut & loud cries resounded from
all parts of the house "Hang him" "shoot
him" &c But it was but a game of
some encomplisher for to draw off the scent
so that the murderer might escape In the
mean time Mrs Lincoln came to the front
of the box with loud cries & screams [?]
know to the horror struck audience that
Mr Lincoln had been assassinated Help
was called for & men was hoisted
up with water & spirits Miss Keene [mostly ?]

regain her presence of mind & went around into the
box holding the President head while an exam-
ination was being made Enclosed is one of the
handbills of the Theatre that evening

I will also send you a paper with
the full account of the affair & also a good portrait
of the murderer who I am shure is J Wilkes
Booth who I have seen before

I will write again before
long

S H Bronson

The city is mad with excitement
at the act. three men has been shot
dead by soldiers for saying they were glad
the President was dead

Thus far the murderer has not
been caught. Save the hand bill

[ENVELOPE]

[Postmark:] Washington, D. C.
Apr 17

Miss Amanda Bronson

Fall River

Columbia Co

Wisconsin

GEORGE RINSLAND
4015 Kilmer Avenue
Allentown, Pa. 18104

10/13

Dear Mr. Mc Murtry,
Have forwarded your letter
of 10/11 to the new owner of
the assass. of Lincoln letter and
it will be up to him to reply
to you when he returns from
a trip to Sweden.

I do hope he allows you
to print it in the Lincoln
Herald.

Have sent in my subscription
and appreciate your kind
letter.

Cordially,

George

The Doorkeeper at Ford's Theater Tells Some Stories of the Night.

[John E. Buckingham in Kate Field's Washington.]

Forty-two years ago I was call-boy to the elder Booth; so you see my theatrical experience extends over a good long time. For most of these years I have seen the theater from the doorway, and for nearly thirty of them I have taken the tickets of the Washington theater-going public. I know the faces, I think, of most of the people in town who are fond of the play, and have had the pleasure of admitting many celebrities to an evening of recreation from the cares of state. At this season, however, the celebrities are very sparse indeed.

Among the prominent men in the last Congress who came often to the theater were Mr. Breckinridge of Kentucky, Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Eustis. President Harrison likes an evening here, and is a greater theater-goer than any President since Arthur. Harrison, Arthur and Lincoln make up the recent presidential patrons of the drama. Between Lincoln's time and Arthur's no President showed very much fondness for the theater.

I was tending the door at Ford's Theater the night that Lincoln was shot. The impression it made upon my mind is still so vivid that I don't like to talk about it, but for all that there was nothing of the horrible scene often described. The soldiers, who were almost immediately upon the spot, did not charge upon the crowd with fixed bayonets, as is sometimes erroneously stated. There was very great difficulty in making the people leave the house. Hardly two minutes after the shot was fired the audience seemed to flow over into the orchestra and upon the stage. This state of things lasted for some time until, at the request of Mr. Harry Ford, I went out to the sidewalk and spoke to Mr. Wallach, for many years Mayor of the city. He came in, and, going as far as he could down one of the aisles, addressed the crowd and asked them to leave. He was well known, and the people obeyed with tolerable promptness, and that is the way the throng was really dispersed. When they were finally gone I locked the doors and quitted the building.

All this, of course, is more or less widely known to the public. What is less familiar is the subsequent history of the old house. A provost guard was put in charge, and the soldiers made sad havoc with the appearance of the theater. We had, for instance, a pretty little waiting parlor for ladies; here the guard cooked and ate their rations, until floor and furniture were covered with grease. They damaged the boxes, too, a great deal, and altogether left the place in a sorry condition. Mr. Ford obtained permission to open again on the 10th of July. The play was the Octoroon, and was billed all over the city. The provost guard was not ordered out until the last moment, and after that we attempted to put things in order as best we could. The theater was cleaned, and I bought a roll of crape and draped the box which President Lincoln had occupied. We were busy all day on the 10th, and I hurried home late to dress for the evening's business. A little before time for the performance I came back and found a row of soldiers on the steps. Mr. Ford came up and told me that he had been summoned to appear at the War Department, and that there could be no performance that evening. He went to see Secretary Stanton. The building was bought by the Government for \$100,000, and has not been used for theatrical purposes since.

I kept as mementoes good-sized scraps of the wall paper and box curtains of the old theater, but these pieces have grown smaller and smaller until all I have left are a few little bits which I have had photographed. I have cut off a little for first one friend and then another, until I have had to put the remaining pieces under a glass and frame them to protect them from my own hand.

I think Washington theaters are different from even the best houses in many other cities, in the quiet and decorum of the audience, and the absence of any large door crowd made up of people who come to see the audience and not the play. Ladies come to the theater with each other, and without the need of other escort; and nothing would be considered more unfortunate by the managers than to have this custom fall into disfavor. Our audiences are very varied, for what calls out one set of people will not attract another, and, of course, the winter audiences and the summer ones are made up in the main of different classes. Still, you would be astonished to find how many society people like to drop in to summer opera, if they are in town. For my own part, I have reached the point where I care very little what is going on inside the doors. I am often asked what the piece is, and have to stop a moment before I can collect my thoughts and answer—it has so little interest upon my mind.

Woman Telegrapher, 90, Tells Of Lincoln's Assassination

Lorain, Ohio, Feb. 12 (U.P.)—Ninety-year-old Mrs. Josephine Butler rocked in a creaky chair by a small pot-bellied stove in her cottage today and told in an Ohio twang of the night of April 14, 1865, when in a remote telegraph office in Connellsville, Penn., the sounder clacked out the flash:

"President Lincoln shot. Not expected to live . . ."

"I was stunned," Mrs. Butler, who at that time was a Morse wire "operator" for the Pennsylvania Railroad, recollected. "Henry Blackstone—he was president of the road then—(and didn't they name a Chicago hotel after him?)—and a man named Frick—that 'big mining man from Pittsburgh'—were in the office at the time.

"It was strange, too, because we'd just been talking about the President when that flash came through. I was so shocked I

could hardly work the key to relay the message to Uniontown.

"I had to stay on the job all that night to relay the story of Lincoln's assassination in the Ford Theater in Washington. The next day I was worn out. I was only a young girl then—about 18, I think."

Mrs. Butler was born in Louisville and went from there to Pittsburgh.

LETTER FROM MRS. L. M. CHILD.

SPRINGTIME.—THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.—A SINGULAR ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION.—GEN. SHERMAN'S CONDUCT.

WAYLAND, MASS., May 3th, 1865.

DEAR FRIEND TILTON:—

AGAIN the miracle of Spring returns. Nothing but its familiar recurrence could prevent every one of us from regarding it as a marvellous manifestation of the Invisible Power. In view of its marvelous transformations, no wonder that human imagination early conceived of haggard old crones changed by the touch of a magic wand into beautiful young princesses. Already the delicate green enamel of the meadows conceals the decayed stubble of last year's growth. Through the bright air floats a snow-storm of cherry blossoms. They cover the ground with beauty; but the breeze, as it wafts them, seems to sing, in sighing tones,

"Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?"

To thoughtful minds there is always a minor cadence in the song of Spring. For always Memory mingles her plaintive refrain with the bright warblings of Hope, continually reminding us that all this rejuvenated loveliness will soon pass away, even as the generations of men glide through the sunshine of their brief day and vanish into night. But Hope, with her sky-lark voice, again takes up the strain, and sings, that the night is day elsewhere, and that winter is only summer sleeping.

This Spring we look on the renovation of Nature with sadder eyes than usual. Thoughts inspired by the fresh landscape have somber drapery about them, as the streets of our cities have been hung with crape. The suddenness with which a good and great man has been cut off by the hand of violence impresses the mind too deeply to be rapidly succeeded by exhilarating ideas. Often a vision passes through my mind of the shocking manner in which we have lost the friend and father of the people, who were wont to express their trust in him by homely phrases of affectionate familiarity, such as "honest Abe," "good old Abe," and "Father Abraham." Conservatives complained much of his want of dignity; but to me there was always a charm in his unsophisticated way of *talk-ing* with the people, when they called upon him for a Speech. His "little stories," so much ridiculed by the malignant and the fastidious, were usually full of homely wit and practical good sense. There was decidedly a smack of Franklin in them; and they were pleasant scintillations amid the lowering clouds of war. More solemn occasions inspired him with grander utterance. What a generous and tender spirit of toleration and forbearance toward political opponents was exhibited in his reply to those who serenaded him when his reelection had become certain! How heart-touching was the eloquence of his Speech at Gettysburg! And, best of all, that last Inaugural address, so gentle and devout in its spirit, so strong in its manly sincerity, so

full in its conciseness, so sublime in its simplicity. It was fitting that the heavens should open and crown him with sunlight when he uttered it. How would it have increased our reverence had we then known that the glorious aureole typified a martyr's crown!

After the publication of his first Inaugural, I said I would never forgive Abraham Lincoln. But I could not keep the unchristian vow. Year by year he gained upon my respect and confidence. I gradually came to think that I had underrated the qualities both of his head and his heart. One rarely sees such honest unselfishness of purpose combined with so much shrewdness in dealing with men for the accomplishment of purposes. How completely he transferred the laboring oar into the hands of those refractory Border States, when he gave them a chance to make a good bargain out of emancipation, if they would but accept the generous terms! Perhaps he took it for granted that they would reject them; but, doubtless, he also foresaw that, if they did so, circumstances would eventually compel them to give up slavery without pecuniary recompense, while at the same time they would have silenced, by their own act, the sympathy of Democrats at home and aristocrats abroad. Observing these things, I felt more and more that it was not the least of the remarkable manifestations of Providence in our favor, that the people, knowing so little of the man, except his established character for honesty and good sense, should have selected him at such an eventful crisis. It is not easy to think of another man who possessed such a combination of qualities as would enable him to hold steadily in leash so many refractory forces, and to guide them at last to the desired result. Where was another man to be found who could have sounded the North as to insure the continuance of the Republican policy for another four years? Assuredly, Abraham Lincoln, notwithstanding deficiencies which sorely tried the patience of radicals, was a great gift from Providence at such a crisis. History will inscribe his name on her cleanest tablet, and already the more generous of his enemies have fallen into the ranks of his mourners.

With regard to the violent manner of his death, have you noticed that it was singularly hinted at by an astrological prediction, months before it happened? A modern believer in astrology, who signs himself Thomas Lister, calculated the horoscope of Abraham Lincoln, and published it in a newspaper, Sept. 29, 1861. It was therein stated that the President was born under Jupiter, a planet whose influence usually made men fortunate in their undertakings. It predicted that he would be re-elected in November, because, astrologically speaking, "His ruling planet will then be transiting over his ascendant in his own house." He goes on to say: "The transit of the evil planet Mars, in opposition with his ascendant, plainly shows that the struggle will continue till April, 1865, when the foes of the Union will be compelled to lay down their arms. In December, 1864, and in January, 1865, some deep, base plot will be got up against the President, shown by the

transit of Mars; and the aspect of that planet shows danger by pistol-shot, or some infernal machine. During these months, more than ordinary caution and watchfulness will be highly necessary. After February, that evil transit will have passed away. We could increase our remarks concerning the personal danger of the President, but believe forbearance in this case to be a virtue."

People of poetic temperaments, who "delightedly believe in lays and talismans," when they read this prediction, will half believe in astrology, and call to mind Schiller's beautiful lines:

"It is a gentle and affectionate thought
That in immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the Wreath of Love was woven,
With sparkling Stars for flowers."

Even some of philosophic tendencies, perceiving that nothing stands alone, that everything is spirally linked with everything, from base to summit of the universe, may query dubiously whether, by some unknown laws of our being, the movements of the stars can possibly indicate the character and fortunes of men. But those who habitually lean on material and external testimony will promptly inquire whether Mr. Thomas Lister could have heard any whisperings about such a deadly conspiracy.

From the first moment I heard of the murder, I believed that the plan was known and approved at Richmond, if not concocted there. Meanness and brute violence are the natural outgrowth of slavery. Men educated under such a system become familiar with assassination. In the first years of the war, I often heard people express a wish that we had such an able and gentlemanly President as Jeff. Davis. It seems to me that his ability has been chiefly manifested in bold, persistent falsehood, and the unscrupulous use of base and cruel means to accomplish his unprincipled designs. As for polished manners, I never mourned over the absence of them in "Honest Abe." To me, he seemed more respectable seated on a table, forgetful of himself, while discussing the difficult problems he was conscientiously trying to solve, than did his false, self-seeking, treacherous adversary, in the genteel attitudes of the drawing-room. The fact is, I am somewhat deficient in the power of admiring polished villains. I remember an old aristocrat, who was often pointed out to me in my youth as a model of urbane deportment; and I never looked upon him without thinking of Milton's line:

"Satan bowing low his gray dissimulating," etc.

I wonder whether the admirers of gentlemanly Jeff. will find anything to eulogize in his performance of prompter in the tragedy of assassination. How grandly the character of honest, kind-hearted Abraham looms up in comparison! Never was there such a triumph of homely sincerity and unpretending good sense over polished falsehood and boastful pride.

You will, perhaps, think it strange when I tell you that the news of Gen. Sherman's negotiations excited me more than the President's death. I have always feared that he had pro-slavery proclivities, and I

have noticed in him a tendency to pass over the boundary between military and civil power. I never heard but one echo to my secret misgivings, and that was from a small paper called "*The Broken Fetter*," published during the Fair at Chicago, in the beginning of March. It propounded this significant question: "The South is calling for a military Dictator. Could not Gen. Sherman be induced to accept the office?" But, notwithstanding this vague feeling of anxiety in my mind, I was utterly surprised by the negotiations entered into with Gen. Johnston. The Richmond correspondent of the *London Times* had, six or eight weeks before, predicted that Gen. Sherman was going to be the most conspicuous figure on this continent; that he would assume an importance no one dreamed of; or words to that effect. While the plot to assassinate the whole government of the United States was being matured at Richmond, Jeff. Davis entered into negotiations with Sherman, as if he considered him the head of the government. The terms he proposed secured the recognition of the rebel State governments, and, instead of disarming them, left them in a condition to re-organize their military power; and the victorious leader of our armies, who might have obtained surrender upon almost any terms, agreed to Jeff. Davis' propositions, when he knew of the assassination of President Lincoln! It is dangerous to trust to circumstantial evidence; but in this case it is too formidable to be otherwise than painful, in view of the great services heretofore rendered to the country by Gen. Sherman.

But even this stunning blow did not overcome my faith that God does not intend to annihilate this nation. I still believe that, through fierce trials, we are molding us anew to become a worthy instrument of good to the human race. Even the death of Father Abraham, heavily as it fell upon our hearts, is perhaps another providential event in the history of this remarkable epoch. He was sent to us to do a great and good work, and he carried it through successfully. But perhaps his character was not so well adapted to the work that lies before us. He was too kind-hearted and confiding to deal strictly enough with those insidious and malignant desperadoes, who will never cease their efforts to ruin the country if they cannot rule it. Andrew Johnson has more of the grit of Andrew Jackson; and he appears also to have the honesty and straightforwardness of Abraham Lincoln. His interview with the new British Minister was a refreshing specimen of republican simplicity. I rejoice in having such a plain man of the people to rule over us. I fully sympathize with his hearty aversion to aristocracy. His eloquent utterances on that subject remind me of the old Roman Marius, in his best days. That he is Southern born is a fortunate circumstance; and the fact that he was a "poor white" will help to give him influence with that much injured class. He probably could not have been elected President by votes of the people, yet, from all appearances, he is exactly the man for the hour. How wonderfully has Providence guided us, from the beginning of this terri-

ble struggle up to the present time!

As for the stylish aristocrats, who robbed the poor of their earnings, and sold their children to build themselves palaces, I hope they will quit the country, never to return. Their habits and opinions are more in harmony with the despotisms of Europe. Perhaps Louis Napoleon will invest them with the Legion of Honor, or Maximilian will make Dukes of them. If so, their descendants cannot say, as Sir Walter Scott facetiously did: "My ancestors have no worse blots on their escutcheon than Border Theft and High Treason; and these, I trust, are gentlemanly crimes." The slow murder of prisoners by starvation, and the slaughter of disarmed prisoners are fouler blots, which no imagination can convert into "gentlemanly crimes." If we can have the country well-cleansed of these haughty oligarchs, I trust something of the old respect for labor will return, and that, by becoming truly a republic, we shall learn to have faith in the capacity of the people for self-government.

Yours truly,

L. MARIA CHILD.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1865.

Monday, Nov. 23, 1977 THE WASHINGTON POST

A Letter on Lincoln's Death

By Daniel Q. Haney

BOSTON (AP)—A stack of letters donated to the Massachusetts Historical Society includes a letter that one historian calls the most complete account of the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln.

The faint, yellowed letter was written two days after Lincoln's death by a War Department employee who carried the mortally wounded President out of Ford's Theater.

The envelope contained a fragment of linen described as a towel soaked with the blood of the dying President.

"It's a great thrill to go through a group of letters and find something like this among the mundane," said Louis L. Tucker, director of the historical society. "It produces a quickening of the heartbeat."

The letter describes the pandemonium in the theater after the shooting, the hysterics of Lincoln's wife and the grief of cabinet members who stood by his bedside as Lincoln died.

Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth as he watched a performance of "Our American Cousin" in Ford's Theater in Washington on April 14, 1865.

The newly discovered letter was written by Augustus Clark to his uncle, Stephen M. Allen, who lived in Woburn, Mass.

In the letter, Clark said he heard a commotion and rushed across the street to the theater from the rooming house where he lived. There, he wrote, he "heard the awful words, 'Lincoln is shot,'" and saw a woman reaching out from a second tier box.

"I clambered over, seized her hand

and drew myself into the box and there on the floor lay Abraham Lincoln dying, his wife shrieking and moaning."

Clark said that he helped carry Lincoln to his rooming house.

"He was breathing very heavily, and his pulse fluctuated from 165 to 42 in about three hours," Clark wrote. "The blood soon began to settle under his left eye and blackened the whole side of his face."

He said grief-stricken Senators and cabinet members came to see the unconscious President.

"Mrs. Lincoln came into the room seven times during the night and felt dreadfully. She fainted twice and fell over onto the floor. I remained in the room all night and did all I could to help.

"The best surgeons were there, but no attempt was made to extricate the ball as he was pronounced fatally wounded at first examination."

Clark concluded by telling his uncle: "I got a lock of his hair and a towel saturated with the blood of the best man that ever was President and friend of the South."

Tucker said the letter, which he termed a "stunning document," was among a stack of documents sent to the organization by a Florida woman who had asked not to be identified.

The letter contained little new detail about Lincoln's last hours, he said. But he added, "This is the most comprehensive document recording the events of the evening. There are lots of bits and pieces from other sources, but this is the best overview."

Search Started for Clark, In Whose Bed Lincoln Died

Wash. Post 2/13/30

**L. G. Reynolds, in Charge of Museum Collection of
Emancipator, Employs Radio in Seeking News of
Man, Then Soldier, Who Proffered Room.**

Where is William T. Clark?

Hearing a commotion in the street as he was reading his Bible in his room at 516 Tenth street northwest on the night of April 14, 1865, a young soldier dashed, half-dressed, down the hall and flung open the front door to find out what was wrong.

An injured man was being carried out of a theater across the street. Calling to those who carried the man, he urged them to bring their patient to his room.

Not until the man had been laid on the boy's bed, which was too short by several inches, did the lad discover that he was ministering to President Abraham Lincoln, in whose brain was a bullet fired with murderous intent by John Wilkes Booth, an actor in the play, "Our American Cousin," then being presented in Ford's Theater.

Next morning, at 22 minutes past 7 o'clock, the President died, and in the excitement that followed his passing, the young soldier was forgotten. Perhaps he returned to his regiment, Company D, of the Thirteenth Massachusetts Infantry, and, having served his time, was mustered out of service.

Perhaps even today the man who gave up his bed and room to the wounded President may still be alive, or possibly he, too, has gone on and is now but a memory to those who knew him in life.

Lewis G. Reynolds, custodian of the Oldroyd Lincoln Museum, which is now housed at 516 Tenth street, is anxious to learn of William T. Clark, or of his family.

In a radio address broadcast over the coast-to-coast network of the Columbia Broadcasting System through Station WMAL in Washington last night, Mr. Reynolds said:

"If anybody in Boston, or nearby there, knows anything of the family of William T. Clark, who gave up his room and bed for the accommodation of the injured President, please get

into communication with us. Address Custodian, Lincoln Museum, 516 Tenth street northwest, Washington, D. C.

"The only data we can give is this: William T. Clark, of Company D, Thirteenth Massachusetts Infantry, assigned to Quartermasters Department. His sister was Mrs. H. Bates Wright, of Boston. Clark was married and may have left some family. Want all the information we can get, to complete the story."

Mr. Reynolds broadcast through a microphone which had been installed in the very room in which Lincoln died. In his talk he described the various Lincolniana in the museum and gave brief histories of the various pieces. Too, he told bits of fact about the life of the rail-splitting President which are little known to the public.

He told, for instance, he revealed that Lincoln was an inventor, having perfected and patented a wagon in which the front wheels turn instead of the axle. This, incidentally, is the principle upon which all modern automobile steering devices are based.

Another of Lincoln's inventions was a contrivance for "Buoying Vessels Over Shoals," which bears the low Patent Office serial number 6489. A copy of the patent is now to be seen in the Lincoln Museum.

Among the most interesting articles in the museum, Mr. Reynolds pointed out, is the last piece of writing ever done by the President, and which, incidentally, proved the means through which his assassin made good his escape into Virginia. It was a note which Lincoln wrote, at the request of two men who stopped him as he was entering the theater and asked for a pass, in which he said:

"No pass is necessary now to go to and return from Richmond and Petersburg. People can go and return just as they did before the war" and signed, "A. Lincoln." The man to whom this was given was John Wilkes Booth.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Laura Keene, the Night President Lincoln
Was Assassinated.

CHICAGO, June 16.—*To the Editor.*—Your interview with Captain R. S. Cullum, U. S. M. C., as to his experience as an eye-witness of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, as published in a recent Sunday issue, I read with deep interest, but I fear that the captain has unintentionally been made to criticize most unjustly the conduct of Miss Laura Keene upon that memorable night. The honorable position which Captain Cullum holds warrants the belief that he would not intentionally do injustice to any one, but in view of the horrors of that night one might well be pardoned for any mistaken ideas one might have relative to the occurrence. With this explanation I ask permission to briefly comment on that part of the interview that relates to the conduct of Miss Keene.

Although more than twenty-eight years have elapsed since that dreadful tragedy was enacted, every detail stands out in my mind with startling distinctness. I, too, was a witness.

With a friend I went to Ford's theater that April night, and we secured seats in the center of the house, in the third row in the orchestra, so were close to the stage and in good position to note what afterward occurred, and you will observe that, according to Captain Cullum's statement, I must have been some thirty or forty feet nearer the place where Miss Keene stood when she addressed the audience than he was. Her precise language as she strode to the front of the stage, with outstretched hand and in a commanding voice, was, "Order, gentlemen; order, gentlemen." She afterward obtained a glass of water from some source, and, as I was near at hand, I helped her down from the stage, and she passed up to the box where the President was lying; the report at the time was that she took the dying President's head into her lap, the graphic description of which event will be remembered by all those who read the account at the time. The captain does not say that he saw her try to climb up into the box from the stage, but heard so; I am sure that such was not the case. I saw a gentleman standing on the front rail at the lower box trying to pass up a pitcher of water, but with what success I do not know, as the flag used to drape the Presidential box was so disarranged by the passage of Booth that it hung so as to obstruct my view.

There were other details of that I do not now remember to have seen in any of the published reports of the event, that seem to have escaped the paragrapher, some of which have served to fasten this portion of the event indelibly in my mind; but as they have no bearing on this reported interview I will not longer trespass on your valuable space. I simply offer this brief explanation of an event, that is part of our National history, in justice to a stranger, who behaved nobly at a trying time; who if dead cannot answer for herself and if living must suffer unmerited pain.

J. E. COVEL.

Old Diary Tells Tragedy Of Lincoln's Death

Editor, The Pittsburgh Press:

A few excerpts from "Captain Craig's Diary" might be interesting to your readers.



A copy of the diary is now in the Lincoln Memorial in Springfield. Captain Craig was my relative.

The excerpts follow:

Lincoln

"When the news of the assassination of our beloved Lincoln flashed to us, a dark pall of gloom settled upon all the people. It seemed to impress the whole people with horror and indignation deeply.

"Then those known to have been out of sympathy with Lincoln and his administration, how quiet, and subdued, even cowed; knowing it would be extremely dangerous to give expression publicly at such a condition of indignation as was evident everywhere.

"An unfriendly remark (counter to the prevailing feeling) could stir and boil into fury under the conditions existing that first day. Yes, for days there was caution. . .

"I heard in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, in the early 1862 days, someone say, 'There's Lincoln.' And looking, as he and Sec. Stanton passed within a few feet, I saw his face. And how I dodged around through the crowd twice to head the tall gaunt figure off for another look, and again for the third study of his face. And now—there dead, murdered!

"Oh, the pity of it all! Knowing his burdens, anxieties, hopes, and patience with his generals, of our defeated "Army of the Potomac"—and just when he got a fighter who had practically his grip on the staggering, falling Confederacy, and end in sight, after all he had suffered!"

H. ALLISON

Punxsutawney, Pa.

LINCOLNS ASSASSINATION

Crapsy Tells How News Of Tragedy Was Received at Richmond.

(Note—Edward Crapsy was special war correspondent for the Philadelphia Inquirer, with headquarters in Richmond, Va., capital of the rebel states.)

Richmond, Sun., Apr. 16, '65 4 p. m.
The terrible tragedy at Washington has thrown a pall over even this lately reclaimed portion of the Union. It was not until noon today that even a whisper of the rumor got abroad, but once started, it spread like fire in stubble. "President Lincoln has been assassinated in Ford's theatre," was on every tongue. Officers and men of our army, officers and men of the Rebel army, citizens of Richmond and strangers sojourning here, all talked subduedly of the sad event; and here I must say, that as yet I have seen no countenance wreathed in smiles, have heard from no single lips a word of satisfaction; but on the contrary, everybody, even the Rebels, seem conscious that a great calamity has overtaken the land, whose baneful effects will be no less hurtful to the South than to the North.

The Secession element seem keenly alive to the fact that the chance can be of no possible benefit to them, and they, consequently, deplore it heartily. Our army and the Union people here are staggering under the weight of the blow. This is not a figurative expression. Men go about as though in a horrible dream and find themselves asking can this be true? Every man walks the streets, converses with a friend, and pursues his usual avocations as though the corpse of his nearest and dearest were lying in his house awaiting burial.

Nothing is positively known here beyond the fact that a great misfortune has overtaken the land. How the deed was done, who did it, and what the motive, are as unknown as the secrets of the grave. Exactly the injury sustained by the President is even subject for dispute; some asserting that he was killed outright, others saying that he was wounded only, and is still alive. Headquarters are as silent as death on the matter; not a reply will be given to a question; not by even a sign or look, will any of them disclose the extent of their knowledge.

It was evidently feared that the turbulent element here might be incited to some active violence by the event, and various precautions have been taken, but so far there is no sign that the Secessionists do not consider the event as great a calamity as we do, although entirely from different motives.

President Lincoln dead and murdered! We of the army can hardly realize that the dark ages have returned. The army generally has no knowledge yet of the sad occurrence, but when it does, who can paint its feelings. The soldier loved the president; his kindness of heart, his honesty, his truth his fidelity to them and to his country, his simplicity, his sterling sense, even his quaintness of speech, all of these had enshrined him in their heart.

It was but a few short days ago that this man, President of a great people, visited the general hospitals of the army at City Point. He went

through every ward, took every man of the thousands by the hand and spoke a kindly word, thanking him for the service he had done his country. The labor was great, the worn man was almost prostrated by recent illness, but he thought it his duty to thank those men, and the kindly honest man did it.

And this man is dead! Murdered in the capital of the republic he has

served so well. Even Richmond, late capital of the Rebels against his authority, filled with recusant citizens, crowded with the officers of a great army that battled his hosts so long, is shocked, saddened, appalled. Sorrow on every face, anguish trembling on every lip; the President's death has extorted a tribute from even his bitterest foes.

10 p. m.—The truth, or something near the truth, is at last current in the city; the newspapers of Saturday, due here at seven p. m., have not arrived and are said to have been suppressed by General Ord. This can hardly be the case, as the General's course is always marked by much larger degree of tact than such a proceedings would indicate him as possessing. It is more probable that the boats failed to connect at Fortress Monroe, as they have frequently done before. But without the newspapers we have managed to get a dim idea of the tragedy enacted at Washington, involving the Chief of the Republic and two of his highest officers.

We can do nothing here but meditate in horror over the catastrophe. No business can be done; life is all stagnation. No news here, therefore.

Inclosed are copies of general orders which are valuable as officially certifying various items of intelligence heretofore sent.

The paragraph concerning General Curtis needs a word of explanation. The General, who it will be remembered, did gallant service and was wounded at Fort Fisher, has not yet fully recovered and is unfit to take the field, but his energetic nature compels him to ask for such service as he is physically able to perform and hence his assignment to the staff of Gen. Ord.

Lieutenant Henry E. Miller, who has long ably filled the position of staff quartermaster at Gen. Ord's headquarters, has been assigned to duty as post quartermaster of Richmond, and has entered upon his duties. No better selection could have been made, as the past career of the Lieutenant will amply prove.

Edward Crapsy.

Crapsy, Edward

MAJOR CRONIN RECALLS SHOOTING OF LINCOLN

In Letter to Widow of Sergeant
Harrison He Tells of
Tragedy.

The following is the copy of a letter dated Philadelphia, July 28, 1920, addressed to the widow of Sergt. W. J. Harrison, a Civil War veteran and for more than 50 years engaged in business at 424 South Broadway, by Major David E. Cronin, a former captain of the company to which Sergeant Harrison was attached. It was given to a representative of The American yesterday:

"Yours of the 19th was received and I was gratified to know that your husband, the late Sergt. W. T. Harrison, of my company, often spoke so well of his old captain, for during the years we served together I certainly thought very highly of him as an always ready and trustworthy officer. One instance of his conscientious performance of duty I have never forgotten.

"Our regiment, the First New York Mounted Rifles, marching in column by fours, entered and occupied Richmond on the morning of April 12, 1865. In some parts of the city the fires started by the departing Confederates were still smouldering and the air was filled with the scent of burning timber and cotton. We went into camp on Chimborazo Hill. I placed the first Union picket line about the city to the north and east of it, chiefly to guard the magazines in that section and to inform the Confederates coming in from all directions where to find the office of the provost marshal and obtain rations. None of them stopped to talk or fraternize with our men. There was a dignified silence on both sides.

"The department commander had established his headquarters in the

city. The office of the military telegraph, connecting Washington with Richmond, had been temporarily established at a wharf on the James, just below the city, and Sergeant Harrison was placed in charge of the guards there.

"Shortly before midnight on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln the sergeant awakened me in my tent and told me he had just come from general headquarters, after delivering a very important dispatch from Washington to General Ord, and now, on his way back to his post, had ridden by way of our camp to see me and ask me a question; that he wanted to tell me what was in the dispatch, but was not sure whether he had a right to do so or not. He said his instructions were to deliver the dispatch to General Ord in person, and to no one else, because, it was explained to him, if the news from Washington were given general circulation before more particulars were received, our troops, occupying the city, might become so excited as to gather in disorderly mobs and burn it.

"Though I was startled when he said this, I declared positively there was no danger from that kind of a mob, because I knew that all the troops in and about the city were disciplined veterans and such a thing as turning into disorderly mobs would never enter their minds, even if Washington had been set on fire.

"I asked him if his instructions had been given him by a superior officer. 'No,' he replied, 'only by the telegraph operator, who was considerably excited.' After a moment's reflection I saw at last that what bothered the sergeant was a matter of conscience, so I told him that the real point was that caution must be used in giving the news general circulation and that he might feel free to use his own discretion in confiding the news to me.

"Then he told me the substance of the dispatch: that President Lincoln had been shot and mortally wounded at Ford's Theater by Wilkes Booth, who had escaped, but troops were in pursuit of him.

"After the sergeant's departure I awoke a few of our officers and communicated the news to them. At first all seemed too dazed to comprehend the awful nature of the tragedy. But some of them, seasoned veterans as they were, actually shed tears, of rage as well as sorrow, when they realized the news must be true. It was two or three days before full particulars of the assassination in Baltimore and Philadelphia newspapers were allowed free circulation in our camp."

NEW FACT ABOUT LINCOLN

Did Guard Leave His Post the Night
Lincoln Was Shot?

Colonel William H. Crook, who was Lincoln's bodyguard, brings up a new point regarding the president's assassination in his recently published book of reminiscences, "Through Five Administrations." Colonel Crook writes: "I have often wondered why the negligence of the guard who accompanied the president to the theater on the night of the 14th has never been divulged. So far as I know, it was not even investigated by the police department. Yet had he done his duty I believe President Lincoln would not have been murdered by Booth. The man was John Parker. It was the custom for the guard who accompanied the president to the theater to remain in the little passageway outside the box—that passageway through which Booth entered. Mr. Buckingham, who was the doorkeeper at Ford's theater, remembers that a chair was placed there for the guard on that evening of the 14th. Whether Parker occupied it at all I do not know. If he did he left it almost immediately, for he confessed to me the next day that he went to a seat at the front of the first gallery so that he could see the play. To me it is very probable that the fact that there was no one on guard may have determined the time of the attack."

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

Was Due to the Absence of His
Guard, William H. Crook.

Now that I have told the story of my three months' association with Abraham Lincoln, there are two things of which I feel that I must speak. The first question relates to the circumstances of the assassination of President Lincoln. It has never been made public before.

I have often wondered why the negligence of the guard who accompanied the President to the theater on the night of the 14th has never been divulged. So far as I know, it was never even investigated by the Police Department. Yet, had he done his duty, I believe President Lincoln might not have been murdered by Booth. The man was John Parker. He was a native of the district, and had volunteered, as I believe each of the other guards had done, in response to the President's first call for troops from the district. He is dead now and, as far as I have been able to discover, all of his family. So it is no unkindness to speak of the costly mistake he made.

It was the custom of the guard who accompanied the President to the theater to remain in the little passageway outside the box—that passageway through which Booth entered. Mr. Buckingham, who was the doorkeeper at Ford's Theater, remembers that a chair was placed there for the guard on the evening of the 14th. Whether Parker occupied it at all I do not know. Mr. Buckingham is of the impression that he did. If he did, he left it almost immediately; for he confessed to me the next day that he went to a seat at the front of the first gallery so that he could see the play. The door of the President's box was shut; probably Mr. Lincoln never knew that the guard had left his post.

Mr. Buckingham tells that Booth was in and out of the house five times before he finally shot the President. Each time he looked about the theater in a restless, excited manner. I think there can be no doubt that he was studying the scene of his intended crime, and that he observed that Parker, whom he must have been watching, was not at his post. To me it is very probable that the fact that there was no one on guard may have determined the time of his attack. Booth had found it necessary to stimulate himself with whisky in order to reach the proper pitch of fanaticism. Had he found a man at the door of the President's box armed with a Colt's revolver, his alcohol courage might have evaporated.

However that may be, Parker's absence had much to do with the success of Booth's purpose. The assassin was armed with a dagger and a pistol. The story used to be that the dagger was intended for General Grant when the President had been dispatched. That is absurd. While it had been announced that General and Mrs. Grant would be in the box, Booth, during one of his five visits of inspection, had certainly had an opportunity to observe that the General was absent. The dagger, which was noiseless was intended for any one who might intercept him before he could fire. The pistol, which was noisy and would arouse pursuit, was for the President. As it happened, since the attack was a complete surprise. Major Rathbone, who, the President having been shot, attempted to prevent Booth's escape, received the dagger in his arm.

Had Parker been at his post at the back of the box—Booth still being determined to make the attempt that night—he would have been stabbed, probably killed. The noise of the struggle—Parker could surely

have managed to make some outcry—would have given the alarm. Major Rathbone was a brave man, and the President was a brave man and of enormous muscular strength. It would have been an easy thing for the two men to have disarmed Booth, who was not a man of great physical strength. It was the suddenness of his attack on the President that made it so devilishly successful. It makes me feel rather bitter when I remember that the President had said, just a few hours before, that he knew he could trust all his guards. And then to think that in that one moment of test one of us should have utterly failed him! Parker knew that he had failed in duty. He looked like a convicted criminal the next day. He was never the same man afterward.—Harper's Magazine.

Re: Daggett, Albert

DONALD E. DICKASON

Philatelic Auctions

5605 AVENIDA DEL MARE
SARASOTA, FLORIDA 33581

PHONE - AREA CODE 813 - 924-2347

MEMBER - A.P.S. - S.P.A. - A.A.M.S. - A.S.D.A.

November 4, 1964

Dr. R. Gerald Mc Murtry
Lincoln Lore
The Lincoln Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Dr. McMurtry:

From my long-time friend and Lincoln expert, Mr. W. A. Steiger of Springfield, Illinois, I have heard of a letter from Mr. Albert Daggett written to his mother on April 15, 1865 concerning the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

He tells me that you showed a picture of this letter in the April 1961 issue of your publication, "Lincoln Lore". The enclosed auction catalog will explain my interest in this letter. I have received on consignment what is presumed to be a similar letter written at the same time by Mr. Daggett to his fiancée.

The coincidence of these two letters is more than interesting. The one in my hands had been in the possession of the family for some time, was recently given to a nurse in appreciation for the care that she had provided for one family member and she in turn had presented it to the local citizen who is much interested in Civil War affairs.

If you are free to tell me the source of yours, I would be very much interested in knowing about it. If further you could be of any help in providing some idea as to the possible value I am sure that my client would appreciate that.

I am enclosing a photostat copy of this letter with the understanding that it is for your own information and should not be reprinted without permission and in turn I would appreciate a similar copy of your letter with the same understanding.

Cordially and sincerely

Donald E. Dickason

Donald E. Dickason

cc - Mr. Steiger

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Collections - History of the Postal Card and Comeroun — and Letter From Eye-Witness
Of Lincoln's Assassination.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4 at 1:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. And SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5 at 1:30 p.m.

Washington D.C.
April 13, 1865
My Sonnet Julia
Within the last 12 hours
hours this city has been the scene
of the most terrible tragedy that can be
found upon the records of history.
Abraham Lincoln, our noble, self-sacrificing
and patriotic President has fallen by
the hand of an assassin, Milton
Assassin. The fearful act was committed
last evening at 10 o'clock, at Ford's theatre
in 12th street. I was almost an eye-witness
of the melancholy occurrence, occupying
a front seat in the "Parquet" not more
than twenty feet from the President's
box. I had been out and was just
entering the main door when I heard
the sharp report of a pistol and turned
just in time to see the hell-horn of treason
glittering dagger flourishing above his head.
Disappearing behind the scenes as he leaped
from the box he exclaimed "die tyrant
tyranny!" and just before he disappeared
from the stage he cried out: "I have done
it the South is avenged." It is impossible
to describe the intense excitement that
seized the audience.

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CONTENTS OF SALE

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Catalog references as appropriate are to **Scott's** 1964 and 1965 Postage Stamp Catalogues, American Air Mail Cat., **Sanabria** 1963 Air Post Cat., **Hebert** 1962 Cat. of Used Plate Number Singles, **Durland** 1963 Standard Plate Number Cat., **Kessler** Cat. of Aerograms, **Michel** Briefmarkenkatalog Deutschland, 1964, and **Holmes-Sisson** Specialized Canada and B.N.A., 1963.

◆◆◆◆◆

You evidence interest in stamps and covers by having a copy of this auction catalogue before you. If your interest is airpost collecting, stamps and covers pertaining to the history of Aviation, you should consider joining the oldest and largest Society in the world devoted entirely to Aerophilately.

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HORACE D. WESTBROOKS, Chairman,
Membership Recruiting Committee,
P. O. Box 252, Griffin, Georgia 30223

I am proud to hold Life Membership Number 123 in the AAMS, and am happy to endorse this association. — D. E. D.

November 6, 1964

Mr. Donald E. Dickason
5605 Avenida Del Mare
Sarasota, Florida 33581

Dear Mr. Dickason:

I have your letter of November 4, along with your catalogue and photostat of the Daggett letter dated April 15, 1865.

I enclose a copy of the April 1961 issue of Lincoln Lore which will provide you with all the historical facts relating to our Daggett letters. I have compared the letter Daggett wrote to Julie with the one he wrote to his mother. They are almost identical except the letter to "My Dearest Mother" is considerably longer.

We purchased our letters from Mrs. Blanche B. Daggett. The purchase price is confidential.

Also enclosed is a Xerox copy of Daggett's letter to his mother. In comparing this letter with the one to Julie, you will note that Daggett repeated the word "hours" in the first sentence. This error, along with the fact that he omitted other words which he may have judged unnecessary, leads me to believe that he first wrote to his mother and then immediately copied this letter to send to his fiancée.

Yours sincerely,

RGM:rph
2 enc.

R. Gerald McMurtry

April 15. 18 Am.

My Dearest Julia

Within the last 12 hours
hours this city has been the scene
of the most terrible tragedy that can be
found upon the records of history.
Abraham Lincoln, our noble, self sacrificing
and patriotic President has fallen by
the hand of an accursed, traitorous
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last evening at 10 o'clock, at Ford's theatre
in 10th Street. I was almost an eye witness
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than twenty feet from the President's
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just in time to see the hell-hound of treason
leap from the box upon the stage, and with
glittering dagger flourishing above his head,
disappear behind the scenes. As he leaped
from the box he exclaimed "sic semper
tyrannis"! and just before he disappeared
from the stage, he cried out, "I have done
it - the South is avenged" It is impossible
to describe the intense excitement that
prevailed in the theatre. The audience
arose as one person, and horror was
stamped upon every face. I helped carry
the President out, and we bore our precious
burden into the house of Mr Peterson, near.

Lincoln, to see, and to know whom, was to honor and to love him, has relapsed his hold from the "Ship of State" to which he has clung, with such heroic and noble daring, during the past 4 years of a fratricidal war untold and unparalleled. The good old Ship is now at the mercy of the winds. God grant that she may survive the storm, and anchor in safety in some good harbor, in the harbor of peace and prosperity. But Tuesday evening last I listened to his voice, a voice from Richmond and the defeated army of General Lee, as it rang out clear and loud from the historic window of the Executive Mansion, in his last speech, the last he shall ever make. Cheer upon cheer greeted him last night as he entered the theatre. I looked plainly into his face and I assure you it was a smiling one, as he strooped in his last bow, the last one ever to be made to an enthusiastic audience, as he entered the door of his private box which was so appropriately decorated with Union flags. It is difficult to realize the fearful calamity, though I have seen the brain, motionless, which but a few hours ago directed the affairs of this great Republic and the rattle of the wheels of the hearse upon the pavement has not yet died away, up the avenue, as the earthly remains of Abraham Lincoln are being borne to the Executive mansion for a last, brief residence there, preparatory to their being deposited in the vault of death.

But I have not yet completed this dreadful chapter of horror. At the same hour of the attack upon Mr. Lincoln a murderer entered the house of Secretary Seward with designs upon the life of that good and patriotic statesman. After forcing his way into the house he was stopped by Mr. Frederick W. Seward the assistant secretary whose head he crushed in with the butt end of a pistol and otherwise wounded. He then picked his way to the chamber of the Secretary who was still suffering from his recent accident, the fracture of an arm and jaw, and dragging him from his bed attempted to cut his throat. This he partially succeeded in doing and would undoubtedly have accomplished it had it not been for the interference of the

Mr. Haasell was severely wounded. It is possible
that the Secretary will recover, but the assistant
Secretary is said to be beyond the influence of human
skill and probably his soul has ere this passed that
broadful bourn from which no traveler ever returns
since the 14th of April 1861. When Fort Sumpter was first
sunk into nothing has occurred so calculated to
separate the loyal millions of the country and
cause them to demand vengeance upon the authors
of this unholy rebellion. Lincoln lost its Champion when
Abraham Lincoln ceased to breathe and now deeds
must take the place of words. Andrew Johnson is now
President of the United States. Let us hope that his misadventures
during the inauguration exercises, resulting from a too
freedom, on account of sickness of spirit, will be
retrograde. I cannot think that he will be equal to an
Abraham Lincoln, but, supported by the people of the country
he will crush this hydra of treason and rebellion back
South, so deep into the soil on which it germinated that the
flaunts from the trumpet of Gabriel will fail to call it forth
on the morning of the resurrection. The crimson blood of a
Lincoln, of a Seward and of a hundred thousand fallen
patriots and martyrs calls loudly for revenge and if
one traitor at least in this city, has met his desert. He
agreed to pay, in company, that he was glad President
Lincoln was dead. The words had hardly left his mouth
before the bullet from the pistol of a Union soldier went crashing
through his brain and his soul was summoned to the awful
presence of his maker with these horrible words upon its lip. The
same fate awaits others if treason does not hold its infamies
tongue. The greatest gloom pervades the city. Every house
and stern from the highest to the lowest, is draped in mourning
The faces of the passers by are stamped with the most awful
woe. The sun is hidden by black clouds and even the skies
weep great tears of rain. Never has a nation passed through
such an ordeal as this. It has been positively ascertained
that the murderers of President Lincoln was John Wilkes Booth
an actor who has appeared in Troy on several occasions
The officers of justice are at his heels and it is impossible
for him to escape. A reward of \$30,000 has already been
offered for his apprehension Write soon

Yours ever

Dag

Daggett, Albert

Washington, D.C. 10. 1865

My dear Friend:

Your long, interesting letter came just in time to prevent my sinking down into the uncomfortable belief that I never should hear from you again. I am not going to chide you, however, for you deserve praise rather, for devoting yourself so closely to work. I wish that I, too, could follow your example, and improve every golden minute that I live. But alas! I confess with contrition that I have a plenty of time, and that accounts for my inflicting upon you a letter so poor.

I am in the office, surrounded by many clerks, most of whom are very busy, and quite a number of Sargent officers, who are here to settle their accounts, and draw their pay, before going home to enjoy a respite from their labors in the field. Some of them have been discharged from the service, and propose now to bid a final farewell to camp-life. Others - and they constitute a more numerous class - have obtained short furloughs, and of course are a little impatient, and mutter anathemas against what they call red-tape, which translated into its true significance in these cases - means a very proper regard which we clerks have to the pockets of Uncle Samuel, and our care that he shall not be swindled by these same officers, who sometimes perform some very shrewd little tricks, while in the

field, such as appropriating the company
a regimental-property to their own use,
and then saying that it was issued to
the men under their charge —
not so shrewd, however, that we
do not usually find them out, and
bring the impatient officers to grief.
I oftentimes amuse myself with
thinking, in a dreamy way, of the
scene that must be enacted at
home when these officers reach that
blessed abode. What joy — what tears
too, if there are any women-folks —
is awakened when the long absent
wanderer, the hero, it may be, of many
battles, returns, and converts his sword
into a pruning-hook, or some other
peaceful agricultural implement,
and "learns the art of war no more."
Many happy homes have been made
even made happy by such scenes
within a few days past, and — although
it makes more work for me — I can
rejoice with a peculiar happiness, for I
think of my own returning — from
the dead, almost — nearly three years
ago.

It doesn't require a great stretch
of the imagination to behold the end
of this war. Its lease is almost run
out, and when it is entirely done,
what shall we do? Shall we grow
mad? or shall we die of ennui?
The latter, more likely. It seems to me
that I can not remember a time when
there was not war, and have become
so used to the present state of affairs,
that, when the rebellion is indeed over,
I am afraid that I shall have to
emigrate to some foreign land, where
I can enjoy myself, watching some

terrible strife. It strikes me that I could
be particularly happy when looking at
England, in a state of war. "Wicked, isn't
it?" But I cannot forget the Alabama
or the blockade-runners, or the St. Albans
raiders, entirely. I do not think that
I am bloodthirsty. I like to see justice,
that is all.

I am sitting by a window
looking out upon the "East Branch" of the
Potomac, the Capitol, the War and Navy
departments. From another window I can
see the Potomac itself, and the hills
of Virginia, on which stands the Ar-
lington House, the former home of
Washington's adopted son, Gen. Washington
Parke Custis, and, more recently, of
the latter's son-in-law, the somewhat
distinguished "Gen." Robert E. Lee. My
next door neighbor but one is one
Ulysses S. Grant, who is now however
in North Carolina looking after
the "crag" Gen. W. F. Sherman. Ah
I am in an historical & political, not to
say, aristocratic neighborhood?

The weather is hot, although as
I write a gentle breeze from the
South fans my overworked head.
At my right, near the great unfinished
Washington monument, is an encampment
of soldiers from which comes the sad
funereal strains of a band playing
a dirge over the bier of a dead
hero. It awakens sad thoughts, but
~~not~~ still in consonance with the
dreamy, hazy quiet that broods over
the landscape. And then how con-
soling the thought that he died
not in vain! If anything will
touch a man's better nature it is such
a sound as this. The very thought of
it almost brings tears to the eyes, and

awakens holier resolves. Numerous little
negro children - whose parents were probably
slaves a few months ago - are constantly
passing, and turn their great white eyes up
to me with an expression of mirth and
satisfaction which is indescribably ludicrous.
Poor things - they are happy enough now,
but when they grow older, how sad it
will be, that lesson of inferiority which the
white people will impress upon them so deeply.
With our aspirations and hopes, their
life would be intolerably miserable.
No matter how intelligent, how amiable
or how noble, one of this race may be,
he is only a "nigger," after all. Such
is to be the fate of every one of these little
children. They are so bright and
intelligent too. O, it is too bad, and
is almost enough to make one question
the goodness of our creator. I can
reconcile myself to this decree, only
by thinking and believing that in
the next world - or this world purified
and beautified, which? - all will be made
right to our comprehension. I thank
God, my friends, that I have faith
enough for this. Some of these little
creatures are almost white, too. But it
makes no difference. One drop of negro
blood is enough to damn them, in
the eyes of this community. I have
all patience with these Semi-Southern
Semi-barbarous whites who argue that
the "nigger" is not so good as a white
man, in the old stereotyped fashion,
and my Northern abolitionism often
displays itself very decidedly in my
arguments with them. The negro as
a rule is as good in every respect,
except of course in education and
"refinement," as most of my opponents,
or I rather, for that matter.

So much - and too much - for ethnology.
My heart sinks when I try to speak or
write of Abraham Lincoln. I cannot yet
believe that he is indeed dead, and
the troubled events of the past two
weeks seem like the phantasies of a
dream. I was present at the theatre,
and saw the terrible crime committed,
which remove from us a second
Washington. That evening, about
7 o'clock I saw the Rebel General
Ewell, and five others, who were
captured before Petersburg a few days
before, and just after looking at
them, my companion, who had
never seen Gen. Grant before,
that we should go to Ford's Theatre,
as it had been announced in the
evening paper that he would
be there together with the President
and Mrs. Lincoln. Although I had
seen the Lieutenant General, I was
willing and anxious to see him
again, and so we went, and chose
seats in the dress-circle, just oppo-
site the private box - or boxes, for there
were two of them, merged in one,
and called the State box, which,
by the way was highly decorated
with flags and a picture of Wash-
ington. - in which the presidential party
would sit. I had often seen the
President and his wife there, and
knew very well where they would
sit. Shortly after eight, the President,
Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris - a daughter
of Senator Harris of New York - and
her father - brother, Maj. Rathbone, arrived
and took their positions where we
could get an excellent view of
each one. The main object of our
presence was disappointed, Gen. Grant

was not there, but had gone to New Jersey, to see his family. We soon got over our disappointment, however, observing the play, which, as you know, was "Our American Cousin." The acting was excellent, as of course it would be with Laura Keane's company, - and the President and Mrs. Lincoln seemed to enjoy it highly - the latter, in particular laughing often and very heartily. I could detect a broad smile on Uncle Abraham's face very often, while, at other times, he rested his face in both of his hands, bending forward, and seemingly buried in deep thought. At the end of the second scene of the third act, while Asa Trenchard "Our American Cousin" was on the stage alone, I was startled by the sudden report of a pistol, which rang loud and clear throughout the theatre. I thought that it sounded on the stage near the farther end, and looked in that direction, but seeing nothing unusual, the thought struck me, "perhaps the President has been assassinated," for I had often thought of the probability of such an event on some such occasion. As I looked towards the President-box I saw some commotion, and heard a slight disturbance, when, in a second, the form of a man appeared on the balustrade, standing perfectly erect, hatless, with a knife in his right hand, shouted in a clear sonorous voice "Die Semper tyrannis," leaped to the stage below - a distance of ten or twelve feet - and striding across the stage, disappeared, before the audience could recover from the shock. Then arose loud cries of "Kill him", "Kill him!" - for they knew

intuitively what had happened. Mrs. Lincoln
screamed, the audience rushed onto the
stage, the actresses turned pale - even through
their rouge and "lily-white", and confusion
reigned generally - soon after, the President
already dying - was carried across the
street and the audience left the house.
The streets were immediately filled, and
I then heard ^{that} the Secretary of State, and
his two sons, and mine had been
attacked, and nearly murdered. It was
then reported that Gen. Grant had been
killed in Philadelphia, and in a
short time, they had everybody of any
consequence in the city ~~had been~~
assassinated, until I almost began
to doubt the fact of my own exis-
tence. It was a night of horror
such as I hope never to witness
again. Towards morning I retired
"but not to sleep." (visions of murder
and death floated through my brain
and before my eyes,) and I arose
at 9 the next forenoon, thoroughly
worn out. Of course there was no
work. Every body arrayed his house in
mourning - and men women and
children and negroes, wore an ex-
pression of horror and grief such
as I never witnessed before.

The next Sunday I went to the church
where Mr. Lincoln had attended. His
peer was draped in mourning, but
every other was crowded, and hundreds
were unable to enter the house at all.
The performances were ~~were~~ very solemn
and interesting. I only went to my regu-
lar place of worship (Rev. Dr. Hall's "Church
of the Epiphany," Episcopal), and, ^{heard} a beautiful
tribute to the lamented dead. Appropriate
allusion was to the event in every church
except one, which is known to be of "Secesh".

sympathies.

Of the funeral ceremonies it is useless to speak. They were grand and appropriate. The procession was something to remember for a life time. Your humble servant formed a very humble part of it, and mourned really, as well as ostensibly. I will send you "Harper's Weekly" containing illustrations of the events of that and previous days which will give you accurate illustrations ideas, such as I could not convey in writing. The pictures are all correct, especially that of President Lincoln at home, the boy of course being "I had", and an exact counterfeit presentment of that enterprising youth. (By the way one of our clerks, Mr. Williams, has been the tutor of the boy, up to the time of his father's death.)

Poor Mrs. Lincoln. How I pity her. She was proud of her husband, as well she might be, despite his plainness. And do you know that he was not half so plain as represented to be? His was a strong, rugged, honest face, beaming at the same time with gentleness and good nature. His smile was something to remember forever. It was positively beautiful. I never saw one like it on any other human face. It seemed to come from the heart, and it certainly touched that of the beholder. Notwithstanding his reputation as a "joker" his face was habitually a sad one. It almost always had a mournful, inexpressibly touching expression, so that you could not look upon it without pitying him. Could it be that it was prophetic of his sad end? I noticed this expression

particularly on the evening of the assassination and saw him frequently, cover his face with both hands as if busily engaged in thought. Of course this might not have had any peculiar significance, yet when thinking of the later events of that horrid night, such little acts appear magnified and, and imbued with a deeper meaning. He was a loving husband and father and one of the best men that ever lived, and when I think of his death there comes over me a feeling of personal loss. Of course, I could not be expected to be acquainted with him. — I aspired to no such honor — but I had seen him often, and have taken him by the hand more than once, I heard him, too, deliver the inaugural address the fourth of March last, when he stood high on the east front of the Capitol and looked, with his fatherly smile and beaming spectacles like a real paterfamilias, and spoke words of gentleness and forbearance to "our misguided Southern brethren" such as they never deserved. I heard him too only a week before he died, when he stood at an upper window in the "White House", and enunciated his views on the "Reconstruction" question. He spoke too forgivingly, as I thought, and that is what gives me resignation now. I think it all for the best, and while I mourn the national loss as deeply as anyone, I yet think that we should rejoice that now the Rebel chiefs will receive justice instead of mercy. The South will find to its cost that the wrong man has been killed, and will see the day that Abraham Lincoln died, and Andrew Johnson became President. To see an honestly

expression. the Southern people have "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire".

I have seen and heard President Johnson, and I am convinced he is the "right man in the right place," and when he said "the leaders (of the Rebellion) I would hang," I know that he meant it, and will do it, if ever he catches them.

My friend, one passage in your letter has touched me. I do not know how to answer it. You tell me how to avoid such fits of the "blues" as I confess I had when I penned the first part of my former letter. I do not doubt that your prescription is an effective one, and it is with unexpressed sorrow that I acknowledge that I am not a Christian. I know that I am not, and feel it every day of my life. I pray and weep over the thought, and I know that this is one of the causes of my unhappiness. I feel that I sin every day of my life, often in thought, and sometimes in deed. I have prayed that I might be different. I refrain from gross sins, and try to form a hope of future bliss, by means of watchfulness, and abstinence. I feel too my need of a savior. I am as strongly convinced intellectually that Christ died to save me, as I am of my own existence. I think too that there are capabilities within me of leading a better life. You will perhaps ask why then do I not become a Christian? I answer I cannot. I have tried, and am trying now. But I have not yet found that "peace which passeth all understanding." I realize, on the contrary, that no great change has taken place in my heart. I cannot even bring myself

to think that I am growing better, May
I ask you, then, as one who has ex-
perienced this blessed change, to tell
me what to do? You tell me to pray,
but have prayed many times, and
pray now, but I do not feel when
I pray as if God were hearing me.
I do it because I feel it to be my duty
and because I hope that some day
God may hear me, and answer me.
And what more can I do? I can only
continue to ask; and live in
accordance with my prayers.

I know something of the happiness of
Christians for I saw it illustrated in the
case of my dear dead sister who
made me promise on her death-bed
the very night she died, to meet
her in heaven. Will you, friend
Emma, pray that I may keep
that promise?

I have thus laid open
to you my condition. I have spoken
more freely than I ever did before
to any one. But I think it best that
you should know, for I have consider-
able faith and confidence in what you
so fittingly told me in your last letter.
I thank you for writing as you
did and assure you that
your epistle did me much
good. May I not hope to
receive another, within a reasonable
time?

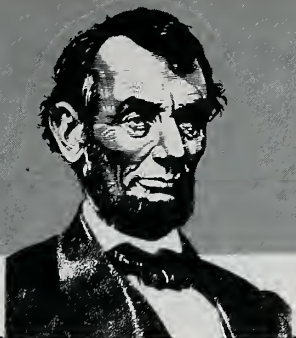
Time is already too long, and I
owe you an apology for being so prolix,
but you can have your revenge
by writing me as long a letter as
you please.

Sincerely Your friend,

Wm. Beecher, Jr.

P.S. Won't you give me your photograph? I want it
badly - You shall have mine - if you want it -

room as I have one taken. J.D.



Lincoln Lore

Bulletin of The Lincoln National Life Foundation . . . Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry, Editor
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Number 1478

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

April, 1961

"Within the last 12 hours this city has been the scene of the most terrible tragedies . . ."

Editor's Note: The Lincoln National Life Foundation has recently acquired several letters and documents pertaining to the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln and the attempted assassination of Secretary of State William H. Seward, that are considered to be of exceptional significance.

The letters were written by a young man named Albert Daggett to his mother and sister who lived at Troy, New York. He served as a clerk in the Department of State. Composed in a Victorian mode of expression these letters reveal that Daggett had a good education even though there are several misspelled words and his sentences are not always well constructed. Perhaps his greatest talent was his excellent handwriting.

It must be remembered that this startling information was recorded in great haste and when passions were at fever heat. Unfortunately, like others at that time, Daggett blamed the crimes on "the authors of this unholy rebellion." Nevertheless, this 19 year old correspondent reveals that he was a competent witness and there is no effort to exaggerate the events or jump to conclusions from hearsay evidence.

Perhaps, these letters best reveal the excitement in Washington, D. C. following the tragedy at Ford's Theatre and the bloody encounter that transpired at the Seward home. According to Daggett two men were killed in that city for uttering treasonable sentiments, to the effect that they were "glad that President Lincoln had been assassinated." Amusingly enough, even young Daggett with his "seven shooter" in his pocket would not fail to act if he should hear treasonable sentiments.

In this day and age when an effort is apparently being made to minimize the crime and to explain the so-called patriotic motives of the assassins, these letters come as a real shock revealing all the hideous aspects of bloody murder.

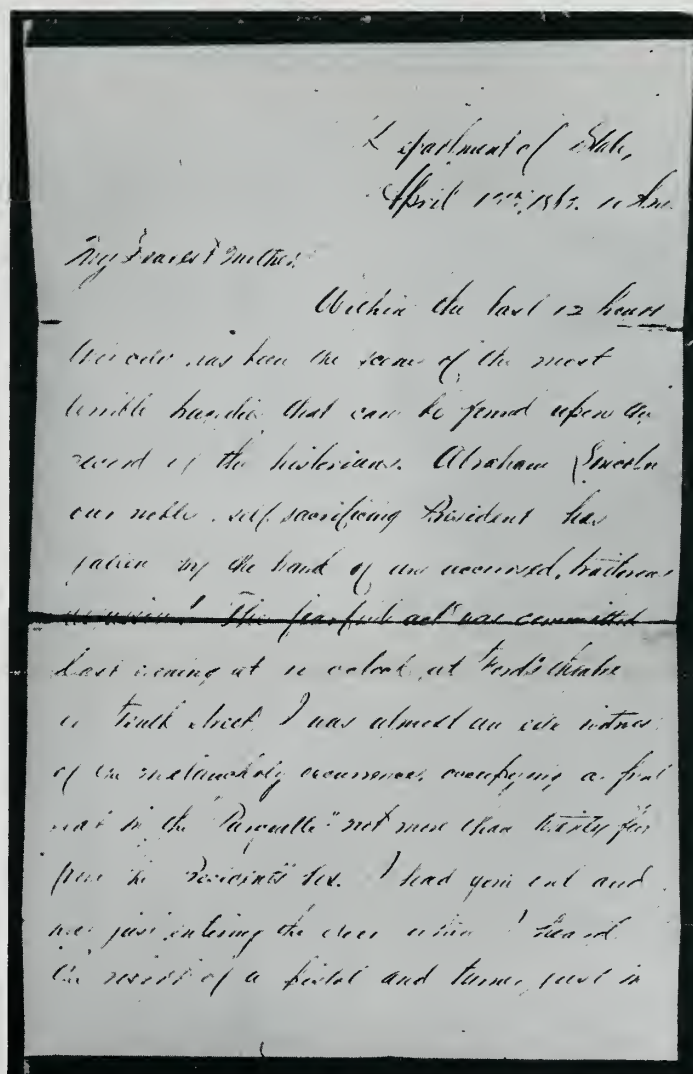
R. G. M.

Department of State
April 15th, 1865 10 A.M.
My Dearest Mother

Within the last 12 hours this city has been the scene of the most terrible tragedies that can be found upon the records of the historians. Abraham Lincoln our noble, self sacrificing President has fallen by the hand of an accursed, traitorous assassin! The fearful act was committed last evening at 10

o'clock at Ford's Theatre on Tenth Street. I was almost an eye witness of the melancholy occurrence, occupying a front seat in the "Parquette" not more than twenty feet from the President's box. I had gone out and was just entering the door when I heard the report of a pistol and

turned just in time to see the hell-hound of treason leap from the box upon the stage, and with glittering dagger flourishing above his head disappear behind the scenes, as he leaped from the box he exclaimed "Sic semper tyrannis;" and just before he disappeared from the stage he cried out "I have done it, the South is avenged"! It is impossible to describe the intense excitement that prevailed in the theatre. The audience arose as one single person. I helped carry the President out, and we bore our precious burden into the house of Mr. Peterson next door to my boarding house, where he remained until he died, which melancholy event took place at precisely twenty one minutes past seven this morning. It is impossible to describe the awful event. The mind cannot contemplate the results. Mr. Lincoln, to see, and to know whom, was to honor and love him, has released his hold from the "Ship of State" to which he has clung, with such heroic and noble daring, during the past four years of a fratricidal war unknown and unparalleled. The good old ship is now at the mercy of the winds. God grant that she may survive the storm, and anchor in safety in some good harbor, in the harbor of peace and prosperity. But Tuesday evening last I listened to his voice, a voice from Richmond and the de-



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

First page of letter written by Albert Daggett to his mother, Mrs. Joseph Daggett twelve hours after Lincoln's assassination. This letter and the others described in this article were placed in the Lincoln National Life Foundation's collection by Mrs. Blanche B. Daggett of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Daggett's husband, Alexander S. Daggett, was the son of Albert Daggett.

feated army of General Lee, as it rung out clear and loud from the historic window of the executive mansion, in his last speech, the last speech he shall ever make. Cheer upon cheer greeted him last night as he entered the theatre. I looked plainly into his face, and I assure you it was a smiling one, as he stooped in his last bow, the last one ever to be made to an enthusiastic audience—as he entered the door of his private box which was so appropriately decorated with American flags. It is difficult to realize this fearful act, though I have seen the train, motionless from its place, which but a few hours ago directed the affairs of this great Republic, and the rattle of the wheels of the hearse upon the pavement has not yet died away, up the avenue, as the earthly remains of Abraham Lincoln are being borne to the Executive Mansion for a last brief residence there preparatory to their being deposited in the vault of death.

But I have not yet finished this dreadful chapter of horror. At the same hour of the attack upon Mr. Lincoln a murderer entered the house of Secretary Seward with designs upon the life of that good and patriotic statesman. After forcing his way into the house he was stopped by Mr. Frederick W. Seward the Assistant Secretary whose head he crushed in with the butt end of a pistol and otherwise wounded with a dagger, he then pushed his way to the chamber of the Secretary, who was still suffering from his recent accident, the fracture of an arm and jaw, and dragging him from his bed sprang upon him and attempted to cut his throat. This he partially succeeded in doing and would undoubtedly have accomplished it had it not been for the interference of the nurse a disabled soldier, who received four stabs while dragging him from the body of Mr. Seward. Major Seward was also badly cut. Supposing his work accomplished he started to leave the room, at the door of which he met Mr. Hansell, the chief messenger in this department. In endeavoring to prevent the escape of the ruffian Mr. Hansell was severely wounded. It is possible that the Secretary will recover, but the Assistant Secretary is said to be beyond the influence of human skill, and probably his soul has ere this passed that dreadful course from which no traveler ever returns. Since the 14th of April 1861 when Fort Sumpter was fired into nothing has occurred so calculated to exasperate the loyal millions of the country and cause them to demand vengeance upon the authors of this *unholy rebellion*. Leniency lost its champion when Abraham Lincoln ceased to breathe and now deeds must take the place of words! Andrew Johnson is now President of the United States. Let us hope that his misconduct during the inauguration exercises resulting from a too free use, on account of sickness, of spirits, will be retrieved. I cannot think he will be equal to an Abraham Lincoln; but, supported by the people of the country he will crush this hydra of *treason and rebellion North and South* so deep into the soil in which it germinated that the blasts from the trumpet Gabriel will fail to call it forth on the morning of the resurrection!

The Crimson blood of a Lincoln, of a Seward and of a hundred thousand fallen patriots and martyrs calls loudly for revenge and it calls not in vain. The news has just reached me that one traitor—at least—in this city has met his deserts. He dared to say, in company that he was glad that President Lincoln had been assassinated. The words had hardly left his mouth before the bullet from the pistol of a Union Soldier went smashing through his brain. The same fate awaits others if treason does not hold its infamous tongue. My seven shooter is in my pocket and I shall not fail to use it should I hear any such remark. The greatest gloom pervades the community. Every house and store from the most costly and prominent to the most obscure and the poorest is draped in mourning. The faces of the passers by are stamped with the most object grief, even the Sky is weeping great tears, and the Sun is hidden by black clouds. Never has a nation passed through such an awful ordeal as this! It has been positively ascertained that the murderer of President Lincoln was

John Wilkes Booth

an actor who has appeared on the stage in Troy on several occasions. The officers of justice are at his heels and I hope will apprehend him. A reward of *Thirty Thousand dollars* has already been offered for his arrest. Although there have been several rumors of his capture I am

Department of State,

Washington, April 17, 1865.

It is hereby ordered that, in honor to the memory of our late illustrious Chief Magistrate, all officers and others subject to the orders of the Secretary of State wear crape upon the left arm for the period of six months.

W. HUNTER,
Acting Secretary.

From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

State Department Order that all employees wear crape upon the left arm for a period of six months in memory of the "late illustrious Chief Magistrate." This order was sent by Daggett to his sister Abbie.

sorry that they are unfounded so far as I can ascertain; but, that he will be captured I have not the least doubt, it is only a matter of time. I understand that no trains will be permitted to leave Washington today, and consequently no mails can go. I will keep this letter open until tomorrow.

Sunday, April 16 3 P.M.

The arrangements for the funeral are rapidly approaching completion. I think it will take place on Thursday. The rebel General Payne has just passed my window under a strong guard. He is a notorious guerilla chief. It is said Booth has been captured and placed on board a monitor for safe keeping. The house in which President Lincoln breathed his last has been visited by thousands this morning and if they do not tear down the house by inches I shall be very much surprised. I have several relics of the awful event. Among them are a piece of the President's collar stained with his blood and several pieces of the sheet and pillow case on which he died; these are also stained with his blood. I was very much surprised to meet Stimetz here this morning. He is in one of the Departments and gets \$1600. per year. I must now close. No Department will be open until after the funeral and no stores nor places of amusement are to be opened.

Write soon.

Your affectionate son

A. Daggett

P. S. I enclose a Washington Chronicle. Will write Annie and Abbie soon. You must make this letter do for all the family.

A. D.

Washington, D. C.

April 16th 1865

My Dear Sister

Your letter dated the 12th inst and postmarked Troy 15th inst was just received. How can I write you? How can one find words in this dreadful hour, I can scarcely realize the dreadful thing. When I look back on the occurrences of the past few days it seems to me like

a hideous dream and that I have just awakened from it, but alas: it is too true. I saw the whole of it and helped carry the President into the house. They have indeed slain their best friend and have robbed us of the purest and ablest man the country has known since the days of the great Washington. Oh may the vengeance of a just God speedily overtake the infamous, accursed villain. I have not, can not muster up the courage to again write the dreadful details. I have written mother a complete account just as I saw it. Every minute the thought comes into my mind "O No" it is not true, but alas, it is. I shall never, to my dying day forget the look of horror that was stamped on the countenances of that vast audience. And when I saw our beloved President stripped to the waist and his face covered with blood, and apparently dead, I thought I should lose my senses for ever. The piercing shrieks of Mrs. Lincoln added to the dreadful scene of the horrible scene. Today the city is settled down somewhat, and people begin to realize the awful calamity. A calamity that effects the whole Nation, not individuals alone. History affords no parallel to the scenes that occurred on that ever to be remembered Friday night. Yesterday all was intense excitement. We had not begun to realize the horrible dream but today but one look pervades the vast community, as if there was but one head to it, and that is the most intense grief. Every house in the city and every store, from the highest to the lowest is draped in mourning, and intelligence reaches us that it is the same every where else. Truly "a nation mourns a nation's loss." This afternoon the notorious Gen. Payne who has once before been captured and released on parole, was brought into the city by a guard of cavalry and taken up through the streets to the Provost Marshal's office followed by an immense crowd. When it was ascertained that he was the notorious guerilla chief who had once violated his parole the excitement was intense and he would have been hung without ceremony had the officers not hurried him away by a back entrance, the crowd was finally dispersed by a regiment of Infantry. All the streets are patrolled by cavalry and mounted police. No trains are permitted to leave the city and every avenue is guarded. It is reported here that the assassin whose name is John Wilkes Booth, has been arrested and is confined on board one of the monitors. I hope it is true. But cannot find out for the authorities dare not announce it. Two men have already been killed for uttering treasonable sentiments. I shall not hesitate to shoot anyone who uses such language in my presence. Secretary Seward is better today. I saw him this morning, he sat up about 15 minutes. Frederick Seward is still unconscious, but the surgeons have strong hopes for his recovery. The Departments are all closed and will remain so until after the funeral which will probably take place on Thursday. Great preparations are being made

for the melancholy event. The war news is very encouraging but is scarcely alluded to in this hour of intense grief. Vice President Johnson has been inaugurated and declares his intention of carrying on the war to the bitter end. No peace for the Rebel leaders is now thought of and the infamous leaders of this unhallowed rebellion will meet the reward their treason so justly merits. I have secured some mementoes and send you some. One is a piece of the pillow case on which the President's head rested and the other is a portion of a towel which was bound about his head. I have been promised a small lock of his hair by Mr. Peterson, in whose house he died. I have seen the pistol which was used and it seems an almost harmless instrument. I was also shown the knife which was held in his hand when he leaped from the stage. Write soon.

Your aff. Bro.

A. Daggett

Washington, D. C.
April 23rd 1865

My Dear Mother

Since I wrote you last enough has transpired to prove that we have escaped, by a miracle as it were, from a terrible end. When I look back over the events of the past two weeks I can scarcely realize then, so sudden has been the transition from joy to grief. This said "that whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth" and that is our only consolation beside the reflection that it might have been worse.

The villains are rapidly being apprehended and I hope that ere this week passes I shall have the pleasure of writing that Booth has been captured. Soldiers are beginning to arrive here. Yesterday I saw about 5000 Cavalry as they passed the Department. The Griswold Cavalry was among them. I saw Willie and Charlie Laith, they looked fat and hearty as well as muddy. They will now have a comparatively easy time of it.

I understand that 20,000 troops arrived at Alexandria this morning and will soon be here. We are very much pained at the news from Sherman but hope Gen. Grant will make it all right. I wrote Annie a long letter today. I suppose you can read it if you want to. *I do not hear that you have gone to keeping house yet.*

Your Aff Son

A. Daggett

"I was present at the theatre and saw the terrible crime committed which removes from us a second Washington."

Editor's Note: The acquisition of the Daggett correspondence has led to a review of a remarkable letter which the Lincoln National Life Foundation acquired in 1959. This letter was written twelve days after Lincoln's assassination by an eyewitness of the event. The writer was John Deering, Jr., an employee in the Treasury Department. The place of the writer's employment has been determined by his statement that, "One of our clerks, Mr. Williamson, has been the tutor of the boy (Tad Lincoln)." As Alexander Williamson held a minor position in the Treasury Department it is assumed that Deering was in the same department of government.

The letter written at Washington, D. C., addressed to Miss E. M. Griggs, dated April 26, 1865, is a long one. The portion of the eleven page letter devoted to Lincoln's assassination and funeral constitutes less than one-half of the entire message. This manuscript might be designated as a love letter, and the writer in a postscript asked his dear friend: "Won't you give me your photograph? I want it badly. You shall have mine if you want it, as soon as I have one taken."

Miss Griggs was a music teacher at Yassar College and that Poughkeepsie, New York, woman's college was only four years old when the letter was written. The letter was presented to the Foundation by W. C. Lange of Redlands, California.

Deering from his description and observations of the tragic crime appears more mature than the nineteen year old Daggett. However, like Daggett he blames "the leaders of the Rebellion" with a crime they did not commit.

R. G. M.

My heart sinks when I try to speak or write of Abraham Lincoln. I cannot yet realize that he is indeed dead and the troubled events of the past two weeks seem like the phantasm of a dream. I was present at the theatre and saw the terrible crime committed which removes from us a second Washington. That evening about 7 o'clock I saw the Rebel General Ewell, and five others, who were captured before Petersburg a few days before,



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

A piece of the pillow case on which the president's head rested and a portion of the towel which was bound about his head. These relics are mentioned in Daggett's letter to his sister Abbie, dated April 16, 1865

and just after looking at them, my companion, who had never seen Gen. Grant proposed that we should go to Ford's Theatre as it had been announced in the evening papers that he would be there together with the President and Mrs. Lincoln. Although I had seen the Lieutenant General I was willing and anxious to see him again and so we went, and chose seats in the dress-circle, just opposite the private box—or boxes for there were two of them merged in one, and called the state box, which by the way was highly decorated with flags and a picture of Washington—in which the presidential party would sit. I had often seen the President and his wife there, and knew very well where they would sit. Shortly after eight the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris—a daughter of Senator Harris of New York—and her foster-brother, Maj. Rathbone, arrived and took their positions where we could get an excellent view of each one. The main object of our presence was disappointed. Gen. Grant was not there but had gone to New Jersey to see his family. We soon got over our disappointment however, observing the play, which you know, was "Our American Cousin." The acting was excellent as of course it would be with Laura Keane's company—and the President and Mrs. Lincoln seemed to enjoy it highly—the latter in particular, laughing often and very heartily. I could detect a broad smile on Uncle Abraham's face very often, while, at other times, he rested his face in both of his hands, bending forward, and seemingly buried in deep thought. At the end of the second scene of the third act while Asa Trenchard "our American cousin" was on the stage alone I was startled by the sudden report of a *pistol*, which rang loud and clear throughout the theatre. I thought that it sounded on the stage near the farther end, and I looked in that direction, but seeing nothing unusual the thought struck me, "perhaps the President has been assassinated" for I had often thought of the probability of such an event on some such occasion. As I looked toward the President's box I saw some commotion, and heard a slight disturbance, when, in a second, the form of a man appeared on the balustrade standing perfectly erect, hatless, with a knife in his right hand, shouted in a clear sonorous voice "*Sic Semper tyrannis*," leaped to the stage below—a distance of ten or twelve feet—and striding across the stage, disappeared before the audience could recover from the shock. Then arose loud cries of "Kill him," "Kill him."—for they knew intuitively what had happened. Mrs. Lincoln screamed, the audience rushed onto the stage, the actresses turned pale—even through their rouge and "lily-white", and confusion reigned generally—soon after, the President already dying—was carried across the street and the audience left the house. The streets were immediately filled, and I then heard that the Secretary of State, and his two sons, and nurse had been attacked, and nearly murdered. It was then reported that Gen. Grant had been killed in Philadelphia, and in a short time, they had everybody of any consequence in the city assassinated, until I almost began to doubt the fact of my own existence. It was a night of horror such as I hope never to witness again. Towards morning I retired "but not to sleep." Visions of murder and death floated through my brain and before my eyes, and I arose at 9 the next forenoon, thoroughly worn out. Of course there was no work. Everybody arrayed his house in mourning—and men women and children—and *negroes* wore an expression of horror and grief such as I never witnessed before.

The next Sunday I went to the church where Mr. Lincoln had attended. His pew was draped in mourning, but every other was crowded, and hundreds were unable to enter the house at all. The performances were very solemn and interesting. I also went to my regular place of worship (Rev. Dr. Hall's "Church of the Epiphany" Episcopal) and heard a beautiful tribute to the lamented dead. Appropriate allusion was to the event in every church except one, which is known to be of "Secesh" sympathies.

Of the funeral ceremonies it is useless to speak. They were grand and appropriate. The procession was something to remember for a life time. Your humble servant formed a very humble part of it, and mourned *really* as well as ostensibly. I will send you "Harpers' Weekly" containing illustrations of the event of that and previous days which will give you accurate ideas, such as I could

not convey in writing. The pictures are all *correct*. Especially that of President Lincoln at home, the boy of course being "Thad," and an exact . . . presentment of that enterprising youth. (By the way one of our clerks, Mr. Williamson, has been the tutor of the boy, up to the time of his father's death).

Poor Mrs. Lincoln. How I pity her. She was proud of her husband, as well she might be, despite his plainness. And do you know that he was not half so plain as represented to be? His was a strong, rugged, honest face, beaming at the same time with gentleness and good nature. His smile was something to remember forever. It was positively *beautiful*. I never saw one like it on any other human face. It seemed to come from the heart and it certainly touched that of the beholder. Notwithstanding his reputation as a "joker" his face was habitually a sad one. It almost always had a mournful, inexpressibly touching expression, so that you could not look upon it without pitying him. Could it be that it was prophetic of his sad end? I noticed this expression particularly on the evening of the assassination and saw him frequently cover his face with both hands as if busily engaged in thought. Of course this might not have had any peculiar significance, yet when thinking of the later events of that horrid night, such little acts appear magnified and imbued with a deeper meaning. He was a loving husband and father and *one of the best men that ever lived*, and when I think of his death there comes over me a feeling of personal loss. Of course I could not be expected to be acquainted with him—I aspired to no such honor—but I had seen him often, and have taken him by the hand more than once. I heard him, too, deliver the inaugural address the fourth of March last, when he stood high on the east front of the Capitol and looked, with his fatherly smile and *beaming spectacles* like a real *pater familias*, and spoke words of gentleness and forbearance to "our misguided Southern brethren" such as they never deserved. I heard him too only a week before he died, when he stood at an upper window in the "White House" and enunciated his views on the "Reconstruction" question.

He spoke too forgivingly, as I thought, and that is what gives me resignation now. I think it "all for the best," and while I mourn the national loss as anyone, I yet think we should rejoice that now the Rebel chiefs will receive *justice* instead of *mercy*. The South will find to its cost that the wrong man has been killed and will rue the day that Abraham Lincoln died and *Andrew Johnson* became president. To use an homely expression, the Southern people have "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire." I have seen and heard President Johnson and I am convinced he is the "right man in the right place" and when he said "the leaders (of the Rebellion) I would hang," I know that he meant it and will do it, if ever he catches them.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

This print was published by E. B. & E. C. Kellogg, 245 Main St., Hartford, Conn., shortly after the assassination.

Capitol, Madison, Wis.
Friday Afternoon, January 29, 1919

DRAMA

STAGE ★ SCREEN

In Madison

By Sterling Sorensen

+ + +
AMONG the most prized possessions of the veteran are notes he made on two of Lincoln's speeches made shortly before the president was assassinated. Dr. Dobson is one of the few persons living today who were in Washington at the time Lincoln was killed and his acquaintanceship with the Great Emancipator and the leader of the Union forces still live with him in sharp recollection.

Warner brothers' studio is making a national search for those surviving members of the Grand Army of the Republic who knew Pres. Lincoln. The studio has written Dr. Dobson asking permission to send a representative to talk with the aged physician, and it is thought that one of the forthcoming "Lincoln in the White House" series may be based, in part, on Dr. Dobson's experiences.

Dr. Dobson was in Washington on the night of Apr. 14, 1865, when John Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln while the president was seated in a box in Ford's theater. Dr. Dobson stood in front of the Peterson home on 10th st. at 7:22 a.m. Apr. 15 when Lincoln died.

Dr. Dobson recalls that the night of the assassination was murky. He had been at the treasury office all day, and had returned to his room on the corner of F and 15th sts., and was sitting by a window facing F st. at about 10:15 when he heard the beat of horse's hooves on the cobblestones in the street, and saw a rider on a roan horse dash past. That rider was Booth, Dr. Dobson believes!

DR. HERVIE A. DOBSON'S Civil war period experience as secretary to Pres. Lincoln and friend and confidante to Gen. U. S. Grant may be retold on the screen in one of Warner brothers' forthcoming historical short subjects, "Lincoln in the White House."

Dr. Dobson, 97-year-old veteran of the Civil war, who lives at 303 Lathrop st., enlisted at the outbreak of

SHOW TIME

ORPHEUM—Fredric March and Joan Bennett in "Trade Winds" at 1:10, 3:25, 5:40, 7:25 and 10:10.

CAPITOL—"Tom Sawyer, Detective" at 2:03, 5, 7:57 and 10:54. Michael Whalen and Mary Hart in "The Mysterious Miss X" at 12:50, 3:47, 6:44, and 9:41.

MAJESTIC—Tex Ritter in "Where Buffalo Roam" at 1:30, 4:05, 6:40 and 9:40. "Bulldog Drummond's Revenge" at 2:30, 5:05, 7:40 and 10:40.

MADISON—"Suez" with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young at 1:40, 4:35, 7:35, and 10:30. "Three Loves Has Nancy" at 12:30, 3:25, 6:25 and 9:20.

EASTWOOD—"Springtime in the Rockies" at 6:45 and 9:25. "Heidi" with Shirley Temple at 7:45 and 10:30.

PARKWAY—"Stand Up and Fight" with Wallace Beery and Robert Taylor at 1:25, 4:20, 7:15 and 10:10. "Swing, Sister, Swing" with Ken Murray and Johnny Downs at 3:10, 6:05 and 9.

STRAND—"The Great Waltz" with Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet and Millza Korjusz at 1, 4:05, 7:15 and 10:25. "Hard To Get" with Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland at 2:45, 5:55 and 9:05.

the war and was attached periodically to the treasury department and to the White House secretarial staff.

He was injured in an industrial accident which forced the amputation of his leg. In spite of the handicap he enlisted, with the special permission of Pres. Lincoln, and was probably the only soldier accepted with that handicap.

original in safe

Edward P. Doherty



The News of Lincoln's Death

ON THE 15th of April, 1865, a young soldier of the 52nd Wisconsin Infantry was en route from Madison to Benton Barracks at St. Louis.—But let him tell his own story:

"We left Madison Friday night (April 14) at 9 o'clock and arrived in Chicago at 5 o'clock Saturday morn just as the news of Pres. Lincoln's assassination was spreading over the city; it being so early in the morning of course there was no great excitement. We left Chicago at about 9 o'clock A.M. on the C. Alton & St. Louis R. R. Found a very fine country for most of the way through—for hundreds of miles you might say as level as the floor. At Bloomington we heard of the death of Pres. Lincoln. It seemed as though it could not be so at first but I suppose it is and perhaps it may be for the good of the country. The people and the soldiers will unite in taking the life of every leading traitor now I believe as fast as they catch them and Andy Johnson will be much harder for the Rebs to deal with than 'Old Abe'

ever was. Some people here in St. Louis gave three cheers upon the news of Lincoln's death but they did not live but a few moments. There were several shot right down in the streets."

This is not the first time that we have heard of people being murdered for applauding the news of Lincoln's death. Yet we are skeptical. Note that the writer of this letter does not say that he saw the shootings which he describes, nor have any eyewitness accounts of such incidents come to our attention. Can any of our readers throw light on this somewhat morbid but interesting question?

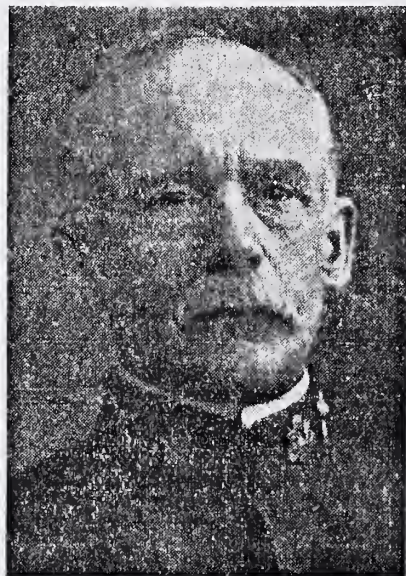
The letter which we have quoted above was written from St. Louis on April 17, 1865, and is signed, "Dwight." For it we are indebted to Mrs. O. I. Landrud, of Lombard, Illinois, who recently donated it to our library.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS SHOT.

General Ennis, Then a Lieutenant, Was in Ford's Theatre.

Saw Booth Cross the Stage, But Did
Not Learn of the Assassination
Until Later.

General William Ennis, U. S. A. (retired), now residing in this city, was one of the few, if indeed he is not the only one living in this vicinity who was present in Ford's Theatre, Washington, April 14, 1865, when President Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth. General Ennis was then a lieutenant in the United States artillery and was on duty with his battery a short distance from Washington. He attended the theatre with an old classmate at West Point, Lieutenant Maclay of the ordnance corps, who was then on duty in or near Washington. Lieutenant Maclay, who was retired from the army several



GENERAL WILLIAM ENNIS, U. S. A.
(retired).

years ago and was engaged in business in New York, died in that city quite recently and was then spoken of as the last survivor in that city who was at Ford's Theatre on that fateful night.

Lieutenant Ennis and Lieutenant Maclay occupied seats about six or seven rows from the stage. The play was "Our American Cousin," which was being presented by the Laura Keane Company, in which the elder Sothorn played the part of Lord Dunsenry. It had advanced to the point where the American cousin, Asa Trenchard, appears on the stage alone and soliloquizes whether he shall destroy the will which would make the English cousin heir to the property which would otherwise fall to him. General Ennis does not recall the name of this actor, but he is spoken of in other accounts as a player named Watts.

While the soliloquy was in progress and the audience engrossed in listening to the actor's words, a pistol shot ran out in the theatre, causing a slight disturbance. Immediately another person was seen on the stage, as a tall man came from the direction of the boxes and with a theatrical stride walked rapidly towards the opposite wings. So intent had been the audience on the actor on the stage that the appearance of a new actor was scarcely realized, and none knew what it meant. General Ennis says he recalls having seen the glint of a knife which the man carried in his hand, though he did not thoroughly appreciate what it was, as he supposed the man was a part of the play. In an instant both the actor and the assassin had disappeared, and it was learned that the actor, seeing the strange man on the stage, carrying a knife in a threatening sort of a way, made good his escape.

General Ennis says that up to the time the man appeared on the stage he did not know President Lincoln was in a box, but that soon after Booth's appearance and disappearance the news rapidly spread through the theatre and the audience dismissed itself in great excitement. He went at once to a hotel, where all sorts of rumors were current, that not only had Presi-

dent Lincoln been assassinated but also the Vice President, Secretary Stanton, Secretary Seward and other members of the cabinet had been killed. Everybody was naturally much excited and it was impossible to learn the exact truth that night, and it was not until the next day at camp that he learned that President Lincoln had died and that the other reports were unfounded.

Grant's Shot July 15, 1932

NEWS

Wolfboro, N. H. VOLUME LXXII. NO. 29

He Heard the Shot Booth Fired

Charles Estes, G. A. R. Veteran, Tells of Helping
Carry Lincoln from the Theatre

Even in the cool seclusion of his parlor, and in the sunny farm on a hill in Alton, N. H., the thunder of rebel guns has not grown faint to the ears of Charles Estes. Mr Estes is almost ninety years old—he was eighteen when he entered the Civil War—and State Commander of the G. A. R. But increasing years and honors have not dimmed for him the excitement of those days in '61. Recounting them, his voice trembles with wistful enthusiasm, and he reels off dates and places with such accuracy and description that the listener is there with him, marveling at the fiery antics of Phil Sheridan, the rabid hatred of the "Johnnies", the shrewdness of Grant. And Charles Estes helped carry Lincoln from the theatre where he was shot. The listener, although even seventy years younger than Charles Estes, lived that war with him.

All Winter long, day and night, through the Winter of 1860, trains, loaded with unknown burdens, were moving steadily South. No one knew what the freights carried, but Estes knew there were guns in the flat cars, and that war was imminent. And so, with the fall of Ft. Sumter and the secession of eleven states from the Union, Charles Estes enlisted with the Third Regiment of New Hampshire, and, with two weeks of training on Long Island, New York, the regiment departed for Washington and Annapolis, and, under General Veeley, embarked on an expedition into South Carolina, the festering point of the South. Four boats were lost on that trip—two in a storm off Cape

Hatteras, and two at the hands of the Confederates. On James Island, where the regiment was surrounded and under fire of heavy artillery, Estes was wounded and sent to the hospital. Following his release, the regiment took Morris Island and held it. Morris Island is now fourteen feet under water. At the conclusion of his long entrenchment on the Island Estes was a member of an expedition into Florida, and in '64 he joined Grant and Grant's concentrated attack on Virginia.

"Grant," Estes says, "was nothing but an old farmer. You wouldn't have noticed him any more than you would a farmer. He was a heavy man, and he always walked looking down, with his hands in his pockets. And I don't believe anyone ever saw him without a black cigar in his mouth. He always looked shabby. I saw him once dressed in old worn clothes and a torn hat standing next to a young officer all dressed in a shining, spotless uniform, and I said: 'There goes a second lieutenant in the Federal Forces.' The fellow next to him is Lieutenant General of the Federal Forces."

"But McLelland—he was a stylish man. Quite a dresser, McLelland. We liked Grant though. He'd as soon speak to a private as to an officer. And there was jealousy among the Federal officers. Often, if an under-officer, jealous of his superior, wanted to express his distaste, he simply failed to appear with his regiment at a crucial moment in the capture of a town, and thus deprived his superior of a coveted honor." "But Grant

(Continued on Page six)

wouldn't stand for anything like that, and he saw to it that there wasn't anything like that, too."

"And Phil Sheridan! He certainly had folks not knowing where to turn! He'd come tearin' in with that crack cavalry of his, and before you knew it he'd be gone again, like lightning, with a whole countryside laid to waste. He was fast and quick as wind. He was a funny looking fellow. His head set low on his shoulders and his body was heavy and his legs quite short. But how he'd come thundering down the road! I remember seeing him once with a new horse, and it was because he'd ridden his old one so hard the day before that it had developed defective wind, and was out of commission for life."

What tension, what hysterical radicalism moved the North and South! "We used to take a Southern town and command the Confederate flag to be lowered. Once a fellow screamed: 'That flag is going to fly as long as there's breath in my body!' And when, after prolonged warnings, he refused to withdraw his flag, he was hung. And he was the father of several children. Another radical cried, as Ellsworth, Estes's captain, went to remove a flag: 'Whoever tears down that flag I shall shoot to kill!' And Ellsworth, enraged, tore down the flag and was shot through the heart. In an instant that unhappy Southerner was lifted from his feet on the points of a dozen bayonets.

But not all were as loyal. Often, Estes says, towards the end of the war, deserters joined their ranks.

For at the beginning the Confederates won almost every battle, and it seemed to many as if they were well on their way to winning the war. Estes remembers his captain halting before a house in a Southern town. "There were some ladies sitting on the piazza and one of them got up and called out: 'I have three sons in the Confederate Army an' you ain't had a lick on 'em yet!'"

Charles Estes was wounded three times, and the last time he was sent to the hospital in Washington. But every man was needed in those days. You couldn't be laid up for long. And so Charles Estes was set to guard a theatre on 8th Street on the night President Lincoln was going to attend the performance.

"I heard the shot. I was on guard outside but you could have heard it farther away than I was. And then the screaming and yelling began, and all of a sudden the street was mobbed with people, all gone crazy. Jammed with hysterical people. John Wilkes Booth had shot the President through the head! They brought Lincoln out onto the street, and I helped carry him. He was unconscious. The crowds couldn't get out of the theatre, and no one could make any headway. We were trying to reach a house across the street, but it was a long time before we were able to make it. Everyone was milling around in a frenzy, and we could barely move. All night long, while the President lay in that house, that street was packed, and finally, when the reserves were called out, I could hear the captain crying in the pouring rain: 'This street has got to be cleared! Charge bayonets!' I could hear him calling: 'Steady boys! Steady!' All night long it poured rain. President Lincoln died towards morning."

The day before word had been received that Grant had taken Richmond, and there were to be torchlight processions and celebrating all through Washington. "But on that sad day it seemed like Sunday. All the stores were shut up, and there wasn't a sign of life anywhere. The whole nation was struck dumb."

The New Hampshire Third marched in the funeral procession from the White House—two miles, and carrying heavy guns and paraphernalia. "We marched behind the hearse. It was a great black carriage, fixed so that you could see the body. And drawn by four black horses, with four drivers on the carriage."

"I'd seen Lincoln many times. I'd heard him make speeches often, and I even remember things he said. He was all legs—huge and towering. And tired and kindly looking. He was one of the greatest men of all time."

"And I passed Booth once on the street. He was very handsome. He had a heavy black moustache, and he was well built, and quite fine looking. He was the greatest actor of the period. There's been speculation as to whether or not he broke his leg, leaping from the

box to the stage. He fractured it in that jump, all right, and suffered until they captured him. He had a carriage waiting for him behind the theatre."

Charles Estes is going to the Grand Army convention at Lincoln's birthplace soon. At ninety he still remembers those days "As if it was yesterday." He fought in the crisis of a nation, and he experienced history, actually and vividly. He can sit back in his cool parlor in Alton, and rest calmly, but the fevered confusion of war and the crying bitterness of the South opposed to the North have not dimmed for him.

"Nowadays," he says, "folks live too fast. Automobiles—they've practically ruined the country. My son says I didn't appreciate automobiles till I got one myself, but all the same, I miss teaming and good hard work. I've experienced three panic times, but when we earned two dollars a day we were decently paid. If folks would get down to good hard pan we'd end this depression. Why, I heard the other day here in Alton that a lot of carpenters were out of work because they won't take less wages than they got last year. Good hard labor is the answer." Charles Estes has labored for his country, and at ninety he can look back on his life and feel he has lived it, fully and deeply.

STEPCHILD

HEARD THE SHOT THAT SLEW LINCOLN.

Mrs. Katherine M. Evans, of Chicago, Was a Member of the Company Playing in Ford's Theater on the Night of the President's Assassination, and Recalls Vividly the Details of the Tragedy.

(From the New York Tribune.)

A WOMAN who was in the cast of "Our American Cousin" on the night Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, in Ford's theater, in Washington, D. C., fifty years ago next Tuesday, is now living in a little side street on Chicago's west side. She is 70 years old, gray haired, bright, and remembers with photographic clearness the events of that tragic night. Her name is Mrs. Katherine M. Evans.

On that evening she was appearing as Sharpe in Tom Taylor's famous comedy. Her husband, J. H. Evans, was also a member of the resident stock company at Ford's. It was customary in those days to have visiting stars, and Laura Keane, as will be remembered, shared the honors with John Dyott and Harry Hawk.

Mrs. Evans is one of the four members of the company alive today. Harry Hawk, who was the Asa Trenchard of the play, retired from professional life many years ago. During the 80s he was with Laura Dainty in "The Mountain Pink." The Mountain Pink, who is now Mrs. Laura Dainty Pelham, of Hull House, remembers him well, and says that in every town at which they played his fame as having been in the company with Laura Keane at that memorable performance went before him. It was Mr. Hawk who was alone on the stage at the time the shot was fired.

Billy (W. J.) Ferguson, who was cast as Mr. Coyle, an attorney, is still before the public. Jennie Gourlay, who was the Mary Trenchard of the play, is living a retired life in the east.

Mrs. Evans tells a vivid story of the assassination. She heard the shot fired while she was talking to a friend behind the scenes during the third act. She ran to the first entrance. Booth had leaped from the president's box. She saw him staggering toward the stage door. A glance at the face of Mrs. Lincoln revealed to her what had happened, and the white faces of the audience confirmed the paralyzing fact.

She had known the assassin. Her husband, who had had a drink with Booth a few minutes before the rising of the curtain, was promptly arrested as an accomplice. Ned Spangler, who was sentenced to penal servitude in Dry Tortugas for complicity in the murder, but who was pardoned by President Johnson, spent the night in her house.

Mrs. Evans was on the stage when President Lincoln entered, and she tells how the scene was interrupted by the cheering and the music of the orchestra.

When Fatal Shot Was Heard.

"I was in the green room," says Mrs. Evans, "chatting with 'Maggie' Gourlay, the Skillet of the play, and waiting for my cue, when I heard a shot ring out. I was dressed in my stage gown—the crinoline of the period. Miss Gourlay was making a tidy. I had just said, using a stage expression, 'Wake me up when Kirby dies.' Hawk had the scene to himself, and the other players were grouped at the entrances ready for their turns. I knew when I heard that shot that it couldn't be a part of the play. We dropped our work and ran to the first entrance, where there was a good deal of excitement.

"A moment before young Booth had leaped to the stage and had caught his spur, as you remember, on one of the

In falling he had broken a shin bone in his leg, a wound that during his flight must have given him excruciating torture. I heard somebody shout, 'Stop that man!' I learned later that it was Maj. Lovejoy.

"Booth, being an actor, was familiar with the stage. He ran between Hawk and Billy Ferguson, struck at Withers, our orchestra leader, with his knife, and made his way out through the stage door into the alley, where 'Peanut Johnnie,' the boy who sold peanuts in the gallery, was holding his horse.

Lincoln Unconscious But Smiling.

"I looked up and saw President Lincoln unconscious, his head drooping on his breast, his eyes closed, but with a smile still on his face. Mrs. Lincoln had risen from her seat beside him, and was stroking his cheeks.

"She wore an old fashioned black coal scuttle bonnet, the chin bow of which had become untied. She did not wear a wreath of red flowers and a low-necked gown, as many people believe.

"Miss Clara Harris, Senator Harris' daughter, and her fiance, the young Maj. Henry Rathbone, who had accompanied President and Mrs. Lincoln, stood beside them. Miss Harris was as pale as a sheet. The major, breathing heavily from his struggle with the assassin, was trying frantically to open the door which Booth, as you remember, had closed with a block of wood.

"In an instant the theater was in an uproar. It was crowded to the topmost gallery, and every one had risen in his seat. Men were shouting and climbing out into the aisles. Miss Keene was making her way up to where the president sat wounded, and several doctors from the audience were trying to force a passage through the crowd. Dr. Charles Taft was lifted up into the box from the stage, while many persons, some of them physicians, were crowding into the narrow aisle which led into the box and were pounding on the door, demanding admittance.

"Lincoln lay back in a rocking chair. Dr. Taft had torn open his shirt and was looking for the wound. He found it finally behind the left ear. Then they laid the president on a shutter and carried him out of the theater to the house across the street, where he died at 7:30 o'clock the next morning.

"Peanut Johnnie" Held.

"After the tragedy I ran upstairs into the dressing room. The stage was filled with secret service men, who seemed to have gone crazy. They had arrested 'Peanut Johnnie' as an accomplice. Poor 'Peanut!' He did nothing more than hold Booth's horse. They were looking for Ned Spangler, our stage carpenter, who had innocently held the door open for the assassin. My husband also was under suspicion.

"I rubbed my makeup off, and thought that every moment a detective would rap at the door and place me under arrest. Finally 'Jimmie' Mattox, our property man, called me.

" 'What are you doing up there?' he asked.

" 'I'm waiting.'

" 'Waiting for what?'

" 'To be arrested.'

"He assured me that everything was all right, and I ventured down. The theater was empty by that time. The last audience it was ever to see had departed after witnessing a scene more tragic than ever was played behind the footlights."

RECALLS VIVIDLY DETAILS OF LINCOLN'S DEATH

A woman who was in the cast of "Our American Cousin" on the night Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, in Ford's theater, in Washington, D. C., fifty years ago next Tuesday, is now living in a little side street on Chicago's west side, says the New York Tribune. She is seventy years old, gray haired, bright, and remembers with photographic clearness the events of that tragic night. Her name is Mrs. Katherine M. Evans.

On that evening she was appearing as Sharpe in Tom Taylor's famous comedy. Her husband, J. H. Evans, was also a member of the resident stock company at Ford's. It was customary in those days to have visiting stars, and Laura Keane, as will be remembered, shared the honors with John Dwyot and Harry Hark.

Mrs. Evans is one of the four members of the company alive today. Harry Hawk, who was the Asa Trenchard of the play, retired from professional life many years ago. During the 60s he was with Laura Dainty in "The Mountain Pink." The Mountain Pink, who is now Mrs. Laura Dainty Pelham, of Hull House, remembers him well, and says that in every town at which they played his fame as having been in the company with Laura Keane at that memorable performance went before him. It was Mr. Hawk who was alone on the stage at the time the shot was fired.

Billy (W. J.) Ferguson, who was cast as Mr. Coyle, an attorney, is still before the public. Jennie Gourlay, who was the Mary Trenchard of the play, is living a retired life in the east.

Mrs. Evans tells a vivid story of the assassination. She heard the shot fired while she was talking to a friend behind the scenes during the third act. She ran to the first entrance. Booth had leaped from the president's box. She saw him staggering toward the stage door. A glance at the face of Mrs. Lincoln revealed to her what had happened, and the white faces of the audience confirmed the paralyzing fact.

She had known the assassin. Her husband, who had had a drink with Booth a few minutes before the rising of the curtain, was promptly arrested as an accomplice. Ned Spangler, who was sentenced to penal servitude in Dry Tortugas for complicity in the murder, but who was pardoned by President Johnson, spent the night in her house.

Mrs. Evans was on the stage when President Lincoln entered, and she tells how the scene was interrupted by the cheering and the music of the orchestra.

When Fatal Shot Was Heard.

"I was in the green room," says Mrs. Evans, "chatting with 'Maggie' Gourlay, the Skillet of the play, and waiting for my cue, when I heard a shot ring out. I was dressed in my stage gown—the crinoline of the period. Miss Gourlay was making a tidy. I had just said, using a stage expression, 'Wake me up when Kirby dies.' Hawk had the scene to himself, and the other players were grouped at the entrances ready for their turns. I knew when I heard that shot that it couldn't be a part of the play. We dropped our work and ran to the first entrance, where there was a good deal of excitement.

"A moment before young Booth had

leaped to the stage and had caught his spur, as you remember, on one of the flags that draped the presidential box. In falling he had broken a small bone in his leg, a wound that during his flight must have given him excruciating torture. I heard somebody shout, 'Stop that man!' I learned later that it was Major Lovejoy.

"Booth, being an actor, was familiar with the stage. He ran between Hawk and Billy Ferguson, struck at Withers, our orchestra leader, with his knife, and made his way out through the stage door into the alley, where 'Peanut Johnnie,' the boy who sold peanuts in the gallery, was holding his horse.

Lincoln Unconscious But Smiling.

"I looked up and saw President Lincoln, unconscious, his head drooping on his breast, his eyes closed, but with a smile still on his face. Mrs. Lincoln had risen from her seat beside him, and was stroking his cheeks.

"She wore an old fashioned black coal scuttle bonnet, the chin bow of which had become untied. She did not wear a wreath of red flowers and a low-necked gown, as many people believe.

"Miss Clara Harris, Senator Harris' daughter, and her fiance, the young Major Henry Rathbone, who had accompanied President and Mrs. Lincoln, stood beside them. Miss Harris was as pale as a sheet. The major, breathing heavily from his struggle with the assassin, was trying frantically to open the door which Booth, as you remember, had closed with a block of wood.

"In an instant the theater was in an uproar. It was crowded to the top-most gallery, and every one had risen in his seat. Men were shouting and climbing into the eta shr shrll se sa climbing out into the aisles. Miss Keane was making her way up to where the president sat wounded, and several doctors from the audience were trying to force a passage through the crowd. Dr. Charles Taft was lifted up into the box from the stage, while many persons, some of the physicians, were crowding into the narrow aisle which led into the box and were pounding on the door, demanding admission.

"Lincoln lay back in a rocking chair. Dr. Taft had torn open his shirt and was looking for the wound. He found it finally behind the left ear. Then they laid the president on a shutter and carried him out of the theater to the house across the street where he died at 7:30 o'clock the next morning.

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